The Outlook

NEW YORK, APRIL 25, 1908

Vol. 88 No. 17 — Published by the Outlook Company, 287 Fourth Ave., New York. Chicago Office, Marquette Building. Lawrence F. Abbott, President. William B. Howland, Treasurer. Karl V. S. Howland, Secretary. Lyman Abbott, Editor-in-Chief. H. W. Mabie, Associate Editor. R. D. Townsend, Managing Editor. — $3 a year 10c. a copy

The Aldrich Bill

The Aldrich Bill, to provide what is generally called an emergency currency, but what we prefer to call an elastic currency, has passed the Senate. This bill, if enacted, will make it possible for the National banks of the country to issue currency based on other securities than United States bonds, namely, certain classes of State and municipal bonds, to be approved by a board of three, consisting of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Comptroller of the Currency, and the United States Treasurer; Philippine bonds; and Panama bonds. Senator Aldrich at first included certain classes of railway bonds. These, however, were stricken out because of the feeling throughout the country of more or less distrust of railway securities. At the present time the bill is now before the House, and news comes from Washington that it has been tabled, which means probably that it cannot pass the House. There is, however, before the House a substitute bill called the Vreeland Bill, which preserves all the essential features of the Aldrich Bill, but adds to it the provision that National bank note currency may be issued not only on the above-named securities but upon commercial paper approved and guaranteed by the Clearing-House Association in each of several districts into which the country is to be divided. This Clearing-House district plan was first suggested, as has been reported in our columns, by ex-Secretary Gage. Some despatches from Washington state that the House and Senate will not now be likely to agree on an elastic currency measure along the lines of the Aldrich Bill, and that the total result of the currency discussion in Congress this session will be the creation of a currency commission to discuss the whole matter. We are not convinced yet, however, that the two bodies of Congress may not still enact a law providing for a form of elastic currency to serve as a temporary but necessary expedient until a competent commission can recommend a complete readjustment of currency and banking. We discuss the principles involved on another page.

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Senator Foraker on Brownsville

On Tuesday of last week Senator Foraker delivered a speech before the Senate on the Brownsville affray. It was, of course, a defense of the soldiers who had been discharged. No summary of this address, which occupies fourteen pages of the Congressional Record and which consists in detailed review of testimony, can convey to the reader the effectiveness of the speech itself. Senator Foraker made good use of his opportunity, and marshaled his arguments with skill. Throughout he made it plain that he regards the investigations into the affair which were made by the War Department as unfair. He pointed out time and again the departure of the investigators from the usages of courts of justice. In restating the testimony against the soldiers he laid emphasis upon the contradictions it embodied. He alleged that the testimony proved the night on which the shooting occurred to have been so dark that persons who testified as eye-witnesses could not have seen the occurrences which they had sworn they had witnessed. He denied that the soldiers had any motive for shooting citizens, and cited testimony in support of the theory that citizens of Brownsville had a motive for shooting the soldiers. He pronounced the character of the men to have been such as to strengthen greatly the presumption of their innocence. The testimony of the soldiers on their own behalf

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Senator Foraker described as being without contradiction upon any essential point. He reviewed the testimony as to the presence of the soldiers at roll-call, the marks on the cartridge shells found in the street, and the accounting for the guns. He concluded that "there is testimony of the strongest character in favor of the soldiers in the striking improbability of the whole theory of their guilt." Senator Foraker explicitly stated that, in his opinion, neither the Inspector-General of the army nor the President of the United States was in a fit state of mind to reach a sound conclusion such as he had presented. Of course Senator Foraker's whole argument is vitiated by his failure to acknowledge one very simple fact: that the discharge of the negro soldiers was not the punishment of men accused and convicted of crime; it was the dismissal of untrusted servants. The fact that the investigations were not conducted according to judicial usages has no bearing on the case at all. Senator Foraker would not wait for judicial proceedings before discharging an agent of his in some position of trust in whom he had, with good reason and after his own examination, lost confidence; nor would he reinstate such an agent simply because he had never been convicted of a crime. To say, as Senator Foraker solemnly said, that "it would seem that we are to be carried back in the administration of justice . . . to the days when if a man but stood mute he was liable to be put to death for it," is preposterous. We do not believe that Senator Foraker himself regards this statement as anything but rhetoric. It needs to be said over and over again, and The Outlook has repeated it, that the discharge of the negro soldiers without honor was not an attempt to administer justice; it was an attempt—and a successful attempt—to eliminate from the army men who could not be trusted with the power of soldiers. Moreover, some newspapers need to be reminded that, besides civil and military trials, there have been five investigations—three by the Inspector-General's Department of the Army, one by the co-operation of representatives of that department and the Department of Justice, and one by the Senate Committee on Military Affairs. The conclusion of each of these investigating bodies was that soldiers of the dismissed companies were guilty of the shooting; and of all those who participated as investigators on these several bodies, Senator Foraker stands alone in declaring without any qualification his belief in the absolute innocence of the entire battalion. To accept his speech—the address of one who has made himself an attorney for one side—as a judicial summing up of the whole case is not intelligent.

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A Naval Battle in Congress

After the most animated debate of the present session of Congress, the House of Representatives last week passed the Naval Appropriation Bill with provision for two battle-ships instead of four. The President, in a special Message, had urged the necessity of four; the Committee on Naval Affairs had recommended two. The more liberal appropriation was supported earnestly by Mr. Hobson and Mr. Cockran, while Mr. Burton made the most effective speech in opposition. The whole debate is worthy of careful reading in connection with the Message, because it presents forcibly both sides of the question as to what constitutes an adequate navy for the United States. There are some people, in and out of Congress, who appear to hold that the smaller the navy the better; that our protection is in moral rather than physical force. But in view of the refusal of the Powers to consider seriously at present the plan of gradual proportional disarmament, the great majority of Americans believe that we should have a navy large enough to protect our coast from any reasonably probable attack—and that means, under modern sea-war conditions, large enough to attack at sea any fleet that may threaten us; large enough, also, to make the United States respected abroad as a great Power, and, if necessary, to enforce the Monroe Doctrine. Mr. Hobson illustrated the economy of a large navy by asserting that if we had had three or four more battle-ships at the time of the outbreak of the Spanish War, Spain

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would have conceded our superiority and would have yielded to diplomacy; so that an expenditure in advance of $25,000,000 might have saved us $1,400,000,000 in cost for war. But what shall constitute an adequate navy? President Roosevelt holds that "the most vital and immediate" need wherewith to make our navy commensurate with the Nation's powers is that of the four battle-ships. In his Message he explains what has been called an inconsistency, in this way:

> Prior to the recent Hague Conference it had been hoped that an agreement could be reached between the different nations to limit the increase of naval armaments, and especially to limit the size of war-ships. Under these circumstances I felt that the construction of one battle-ship a year would keep our navy up to its then positive and relative strength, but actual experience showed not merely that it was impossible to obtain such an agreement for the limitation of armaments among the various leading Powers, but that there was no likelihood whatever of obtaining it in the future within any reasonable time. Coincidentally with this discovery occurred a radical change in the building of battle-ships among the great military nations, a change in accordance with which the most modern battle-ships have been or are being constructed of a size and armament which doubles or more probably trebles their effectiveness. Every other great naval nation has or is building a number of ships of this kind; we have provided for but two, and therefore the balance of power is now inclining against us. Under these conditions to provide for but one or two battle-ships a year is to provide that this nation instead of advancing shall go backward in naval rank and relative power among the great nations. Such a course would be unwise for us if we fronted merely on one ocean, and it is doubly unwise when we front on two oceans.

Mr. Hobson and others laid great stress on one point suggested by the President, namely, that we now have two oceans to guard. Before the acquisition of our island possessions and the rise of Japan to be a great naval power, we had, for strategical purposes and practically speaking, only one coast. It is not necessary to take an alarmist view of our future relations with Japan (as Mr. Hobson at least is apt to do) to recognize the fact that from the point of view of naval responsibility the Pacific is now on precisely the same basis as the Atlantic. We do not dream of war with England, France, or Germany, yet we cannot ignore their naval strength in deciding how strong our navy on the Atlantic should be; exactly the same condition exists with Japan and the Pacific. This does not mean that we must built a battle-ship whenever Germany or Japan does, or take part in a gigantic game of bluff leading to bankruptcy; it does mean that in the main we must take the advice of our experts—the President as Commander-in-Chief, the Navy Department, and the Congressional Naval Committees—in deciding how large a force is adequate. As between four and two battle-ships this year these expert authorities have differed, and the House has followed its own Committee's judgment, while Senator Hale, Chairman of the Senate's Committee, believes that the Senate will take the same view.

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Is the Navy Large Enough?

The illustration as to the war with Spain was twisted the other way by one of the speakers, Mr. Kitchin, who maintained that the navy is now large enough for our needs, for he pointed out that to-day we have a navy that is seven and one-half times as large as our navy was when we declared war with Spain ten years ago, and also that we have a navy that is nearly ten times as large as we had when President Cleveland sent his famous Venezuelan message. He commented: "It is idle for gentlemen to tell us that a larger navy is essential to the preservation of the Monroe Doctrine. We have preserved that Doctrine for a hundred years nearly. That Doctrine is grounded upon right, upon principle, and its correctness is its strength." Mr. Tawney called for a halt on the immense expenditure for improbable war. He declared that on account of preparation for war the United States, with an army of 52,000 men and a navy of 42,000 men, is spending this year only $66,473,701 less than England, with an army of 204,300 men and a navy of 129,000 men; only $35,884,869 less than Germany, with her army of 600,000 and her navy of 62,000 men, and $2,683,332 more than France, with her army of 550,000 and her navy of 56,285 men.

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Mr. Burton, of Ohio, spoke with earnestness in opposition to the idea that America should become a great peace-maker by building a gigantic navy, and ridiculed this kind of pretended rivalry in peace-making, as he regarded it. He concluded: "The increase of navies is to increase the might and the prestige of the countries which build them, and for each enlargement in our naval programme the whole world will look with an added degree of suspicion upon us, thinking that our designs are not for peace, but for empire and for the enlargement of our dominion." Two extracts from one of Mr. Burton's speeches may express the main contention of those who fear the influence of a large navy:

The United States is not a country which, like a quarrelsome belligerent, stands with a mailed fist raised aloft, ready to strike the first offender, nor is it a country which will maintain the specious pretense that upon it rests the responsibility of maintaining by force the peace of the world. Our chiefest distinctions are that we are in the forefront of modern civilization; that ours are the triumphs of commerce, of industry, and of science; that here, more than anywhere else on the globe, we have maintained the importance of each individual, and that we give respect and reverence to the teachings of Christianity. We have made peace between nations, and the crowning glory of Theodore Roosevelt's career, when the whole history is written, will be that he brought the warring nations of Japan and Russia together. You would have to search with a microscope to find that one battle-ship or twenty battle-ships had anything to do with that magnificent achievement in the cause of the world's peace. It was rather because of a reliance upon his fairness, upon the justice and disinterestedness of the American people, factors which would have been swept away if we had those ambitions which belong to a country having a great navy and seeking to dominate the nations of the earth.

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What nation anywhere could stand up against this free America in case of a conflict? War is not a matter alone of armies, but of resources and endurance, and in that particular we stand far ahead of any other nation on the globe. Certain ones say to us—some of those who are most earnest in their advocacy of the battle-ship—there will be war with Germany, or war with England, perhaps, or war with France. Those nations cannot thrive without the supplies obtained from this country. Why, if you shut off England from obtaining food from this country, in six months there would be starvation. Talk about sending battle-ships up the difficult channel of the St. Lawrence! There would be no boundary line between the United States and Canada by the time the battle-ships got across the Atlantic.

As passed, the appropriation bill, in addition to the two battle-ships, provides for eight submarine boats and leaves it to the discretion of the Secretary of the Navy to buy any type of submarine he prefers, thus removing the alleged favoritism of the bill, as originally drawn, to the makers of the Holland Submarine. The bill carries a total appropriation of about $107,000,000.

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Water Power Wealth

Last week President Roosevelt vetoed a bill allowing to a private company three more years for building a dam on a navigable stream, after it had neglected to use the privilege already granted. In transmitting his veto the President takes an appropriate occasion further to outline the policy to be pursued in the future in regard to such grants. The dam in question was to have been constructed for water storage and the consequent generation of electricity. The President believes that this water power is a natural resource, and not the creation of the constructors of dams. This granted, we must believe that the privilege of the use of our navigable streams is in the nature of a franchise. While private capital may avail itself of this franchise for profit, the public should also derive benefit. We are now, as the President says, at the beginning of a great development. The use of water power, through electrical transmission, "is entering more and more largely into every element of the daily life of the people. Already the evils of monopoly are becoming manifest; already the experience of the past shows the necessity of caution in making unrestricted grants of this great power." Mr. Roosevelt outlines a policy for grants which would afford opportunity for development within a reasonable time, with annulment if work be not begun and prosecuted according to the authority given. There should also be such a primary approval of plans as to assure the maximum development, or at least not to interfere with such ultimate devel-

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opment. There should be a "license fee, or charge, which, though small and nominal at the outset, can in the future be adjusted so as to secure a control in the interest of the public." Finally, provision should be made for terminating the privilege at a definite time, leaving to "future generations the power or authority to renew or extend the concession in accordance with the conditions which may prevail at that time." The Outlook has already recorded President Roosevelt's announced purpose of vetoing any bills for the building of dams and diversion of water from navigable streams to furnish electric power, unless provision be made for payment for that privilege and for the fixing of the time the privilege may run and the charges to be made for power. It has also stated at some length the principles which justify Government control of water powers. A form of amendment has now been agreed upon which is intended to be incorporated in all bills of this character. The amendment is as follows:

> The chief engineers and the Secretary of War, in accordance with terms of said act, shall impose conditions and stipulations fixing such limitations of time for the privilege hereby permitted and such charge or charges for the same as they may deem necessary to protect the present or future interests of the United States.

It is understood that the fund thus created by these charges for the private use of public water powers will go toward the improvement of inland waterways.

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Racing and Gambling

The opening of the racing season in New York, at the Aqueduct track on Long Island, gives a fresh opportunity for observation of the conditions under which horse-racing, and more especially gambling on horse races, is carried on. The announcement of the racing managers that certain "reforms" had been inaugurated in the control of the gambling makes the opportunity of especial interest. Personal observation on the part of a member of The Outlook's staff shows several things: The stage management, so to speak, of the race-track and the care for the comfort of its patrons are perfect; the crowd is orderly, quiet, and intent upon its own business—but it is *very* intent upon its business, and that business is gambling. The pretense, so naïvely presented by the Jockey Club in its pamphlet "The Truth About Racing," that any considerable number of people go to the race-track for any other purpose than to gamble on the races, is infantile. Between the races the stands and the inclosures about them are deserted, while the betting-rings are crowded. In almost uncanny silence the throngs push restlessly up and down between the lines of bookmakers, watching anxiously the shifting of the odds, looking with eager eyes for the placing of any large wager that may indicate inside information, making their own wagers in accordance with some private and infallible (till tried) system, or on some "tip" from a presumably (but probably not at all) "wise" source, or in superstitious reliance on a dream or a sign or the mere liking of a name. The crowd has only one thought, to get something for nothing, and in that thought it is following an impulse which, in the opinion of the Jockey Club, is "an evil" that is an ineradicable outgrowth of "the taint of original sin." About the betting-ring and elsewhere on the race grounds are posted conspicuous notices that bookmaking and betting on the races are not permitted. For the Racing Association which runs the track "does not recognize betting." And especially is this true this year. For formerly the Association provided the bookmakers with high stools on which they might sit to conduct their business. Now they must stand, for to furnish them stools is to "recognize" them! But the Association provides a big, well-built hall for their exclusive use, it allows only authorized bookmakers to do business there, it forbids any bookmaker to accept a bet smaller than a certain minimum, and it has a regularly appointed official to control and regulate the actions of the bookmakers and the conduct of the betting. But it does not "recognize" betting, for it has taken away the stools! Truly the race-track man is childlike in his innocence—what Artemus Ward would have called "an amusin' little cuss." Let us strip the matter of all false pretense and

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hypocrisy, let us face the question as it really is. Gambling is, for the patrons of the race-tracks, the most important part of horse-racing. And so it is also for the owners of the race-tracks. Their revenues depend upon gambling. They do not manage the race-tracks for the philanthropic improvement of the breed of horses, any more than the owner of a roulette-wheel keeps it whirling nightly for the sake of studying the laws of motion. A race-track is a business investment, whose dividends come, by an indirect route, it is true, from the betting-ring. The pretense with which the race-track managers solemnly deny all alliance with the gamblers (by taking away their stools !) only emphasizes the feverish eagerness with which they are struggling to maintain the alliance.

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Vivisection Once More

The Outlook has received six letters of protest against its recent editorial article on animal experimentation. Three of these letters express uncompromising, and in at least one case passionate, hostility to practically all physiological experiments on living animals. One friend writes that her sorrow at The Outlook's utterance was, she supposes, "like that which would be felt by a child who finds his mother assisting in the perpetration of a horrible crime." She adds: "The more clearly vivisection is understood, the more clearly it stands out as the worst sin and most cowardly crime of the present day." According to her, vivisection includes the stealing of pet animals from lonely women; and in proof of this assertion she asks a question: Do we suppose that any one can spend his days in inflicting pain "on sensitive creatures without having his whole moral nature deteriorated?" She incloses a host of clippings bearing some surprising information, as that, for instance, diphtheria and tetanus anti-toxins have been proved failures. She pleads with us to become informed on the subject and lend our aid in resisting "a cult of educated demons." Another letter apparently sets forth the idea that theoretical instruction is quite as effective for any manual work as practical training. The other two letters are from men, who, while not denying the great value of vivisection, urge that it be restricted according to the provisions of one of two bills now before the New York Legislature. One of these bills prescribes the use of anæsthetics except under certain stated conditions, and the publication of reports of experiments; the other provides for the use of anæsthetics in all cases involving pain, without qualification, and in addition provides not only for reports but also for public inspection. Dr. Albert Leffingwell, who has heretofore expressed his opinions on the general subject in the pages of The Outlook, writes one of these two letters. He defends the English law and its administration as perfect models, and cites the testimony of eleven witnesses, all of prominence in some branch of medicine, before a Royal Commission, to the effect that in their opinion the English law had interfered either not at all or but little with the progress of science. This opinion he regards as completely disproving statements frequently made as to the effect of law on vivisection in England. He argues therefore that similar restrictions would not work harm in this country. Yet, he adds, the Davis-Lee Bill before the New York Legislature is more liberal (that is, less restrictive) in its provisions than the English measure. The New York bill he regards as imperfect; but its passage would mark progress. He would not only have reports of experiments sent to the State for purposes of publicity, but he would have laboratories open to the inspection of laymen. Mr. F. P. Bellamy, attorney for the advocates of the Davis-Lee Bill, is the writer of the other letter. He declares that the Davis-Lee Bill was drawn under the advice of some physicians and has had the approval of seven hundred other physicians. The advocates of the bill ask, he says, that scientific men show definitely in what respect the bill will interfere with science. He remarks that no one believes it is impossible to regulate vivisection. He refers to the opinion of lawyers that there is to-day no law in the State that discriminates between experiments by experts and experiments by "dabblers and

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students." He advises us that several newspapers advocate the bill; and deplores both indiscriminate opposition to all legislation on the subject and any impugning of motives. The Outlook, as it has previously explicitly stated, discusses this matter altogether apart from the motives of those who are pressing for new legislation.

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"Assumptions are Not Proof"

We beg to remind our readers that this particular question is one that concerns New York State. The bills under discussion are of National importance because it is within that State that investigations of wide scope are being prosecuted. In relation to this discussion there are three distinct questions: First, Is vivisection morally allowable and practically serviceable to humanity? Second, If it is, ought it to be regulated by law? Third, If it ought to be regulated, according to what principle should it be? The first question has passed the stage of serious discussion. Those who deny the service that vivisection has rendered through the single agency of the diphtheria antitoxin cannot be convinced by facts. And this is but one of numerous instances. The beneficence is indisputable. As to the second question, practically everybody is agreed. The assumption that opposition to the Davis-Lee Bill is indiscriminate opposition to all further legislation on this subject is gratuitous. The question really at issue is simply this: According to what principle ought vivisection to be regulated? The Outlook has stated distinctly what it regards as the only sound principle: the restriction of the right to perform scientific experiments upon living animals to certain definitely qualified and authorized persons. The present law of New York embodies that principle. Whether the law applies that principle rigorously enough is not under discussion. What is under discussion is a proposition to depart from that principle and to prescribe conditions of experimentation, such as the application of anæsthetics and enforced publicity. The burden of proof rests upon those who propose to depart from the principle now in force. Not a single critic of The Outlook has offered so much as a solitary fact which shows that there are abuses which the proposed legislation would cure, nor even the hint of an argument that the principle which The Outlook has enunciated and both the New York measures violate is in any particular unsound. To say that eleven English scientists, seven hundred physicians, and half a dozen newspapers are of the opinion that a law violating this principle works no harm or no material harm to scientific and medical progress no more disproves the positive testimony of such a man as Sir Lauder Brunton that it has in his case worked harm, than the testimony of a thousand people that they did not witness a theft disproves the testimony of a single witness to the theft. The children who through the results of vivisection have been saved from the ravages of diphtheria, warned against the peril of bovine tuberculosis, and restored to health by advance in the knowledge of food, drugs, and surgery, plead against interference with the scientific freedom that has brought them the liberty of health and strength.

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A Reaction Against Reform

One of those curious instances of reaction against reform occurred in the recent municipal election in Kansas City, in which Mayor Beardsley, an admirable and efficient executive, was defeated for re-election by a plurality of sixteen hundred in a total vote of forty-four thousand. Two years ago Mr. Beardsley was elected by about the same plurality. A man of high character, for many years President of the Young Men's Christian Association, and a leading lawyer of the city, he had served six years in the Council and had become an expert in municipal affairs. His administration was efficient and progressive. He established a Tenement Commission and a Municipal Art Commission, obtained the enactment of strict pure food ordinances and enforced them rigorously, and took a leading part in securing from the Legislature authority for the city to regulate its public service corporations.

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At the time of his defeat he was engaged in a vigorous fight to secure from the Council an effective Public Utilities Commission to investigate the public service corporations. That became an important issue in the campaign. For though the opposition party—nominally the Democratic—had declared in its platform for a Utilities Commission, its ticket had the vigorous support of the Street Railway Company and the allied corporate interests, and it was widely felt that a ticket elected with such support could not deal aggressively with the questions likely to arise. Among these, it was believed, would be a renewal of an application for a twelve-year franchise extension by the Street Railway Company, first made in 1906. At that time the company had asked for an extension with five-cent fares, with practically no return to the city—an extension that undoubtedly could have been capitalized for several million dollars. When the grant was finally refused, the president of the company had remarked to the City Counselor that the company would have nine more Councils to get the extension from before the expiration of its present franchise. The Democratic candidate was pledged to grant no extension without a referendum vote, but there was much apprehension on the subject among those familiar with the resourcefulness of public service corporations. The opposition of the Street Railway Company, with the votes it controlled, was only one factor, however, in Mr. Beardsley's defeat. By his strict enforcement of the pure food ordinances he had aroused powerful antagonisms. He had incurred the opposition of the liquor interests by his refusal to permit the sale of beer in the public amusement parks. The Judge of the criminal court of Kansas City had recently inaugurated a strict policy of enforcing the Sunday laws. He had closed several of the theaters on Sundays, as well as the grocery stores and the cigar stands. While Mayor Beardsley had nothing to do with this policy, he was identified with it in the popular mind, and so was opposed by the people, who thought that "reform was going too far." The Emporia Gazette comments on the results of the recent election as follows:

> The line-up between the people and the public service corporations is as clear in Kansas as ever it was in any municipality in America. The fact that the people of Kansas City were humbugged and fooled and deluded and thrown off the real issue does not indicate that the people are dishonest, but it does prove that the greedy public service corporations are still active in American politics, and that every device of cunning and trickery will be used to fool the people. The Kansas City Star made a brave, clean, honest, manly fight for the people.

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China Defies Japan

The past fortnight has witnessed a climax of anti-Japanese demonstrations in China. The feelings of many Chinese are exasperated by their Government's course in acceding to the Japanese Government's demands for indemnity and apology for the seizure of the Japanese steamer Tatsu-Maru. This vessel was recently seized by Chinese revenue cutters on the allegation that she was conveying arms and ammunition to Chinese revolutionists. As the affair took place not far from the city of Canton, the Cantonese proclaimed a boycott on Japanese goods. Canton is one of the largest cities of the world. The seventy-two Cantonese guilds apparently represent every phase of business and labor from bankers to coolies. From many of these guilds and from two societies, one the "Self-Government" and the other the "National Disgrace," a fiat went forth that the boycott should not be reconsidered until the loss to Japanese commerce reaches ten thousand dollars for every dollar which the Chinese Government was compelled to pay to the Japanese owners of the Tatsu. Thousands of Chinese signed an agreement not to buy Japanese goods. About a hundred and sixty dealers in Japanese goods in Canton alone voluntarily signed an agreement not to sell such goods, and the merchants in Canton, Hongkong, and elsewhere notified their correspondents not to ship in Japanese bottoms. In Wuchau a Japanese coal ship was unable to unload because the coolies refused to handle her cargo. Even the women have been taking a hand, several meetings having been held by them, with the result

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ant pledge not to purchase anything Japanese. It appears that the many boycott meetings have been, in the main, orderly, and that no Japanese have been attacked bodily. As tens of thousands of Chinese passengers are daily carried on the river steamers and junks between Canton and Hongkong on the one hand, and Canton and the interior on the other, every trip is likely to find some emissary of a guild or of the National Disgrace Society preaching the boycott. The result has been that the Japanese steamship America-Maru has now sailed from Hongkong for San Francisco without a package of Chinese cargo. Furthermore, she carried only twenty-five passengers as compared with seven hundred and thirty on board the British Empress of India, which cleared from Hongkong for Vancouver. The popular demand for reprisals against Japan has now reached Shanghai, the principal Chinese port, half-way up the coast, and Hankau, the chief interior city.

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Japan Defies China

Within the past few days an unusually large number of Japanese peddlers have appeared upon the streets of Canton with Japanese wares, and some observers believe that the activities of these persons have been inspired by the Japanese Government in the hope of precipitating conflicts that may give to Japan an excuse for interference. A number of well-informed writers on Far Eastern affairs now unite in the opinion that, whether in Manchuria on the North China border or in Canton on the South, the Japanese Government realizes its strength as a leader of all Asia, and is in no humor to permit the many signs of Chinese nationalism to develop themselves into anything like a rival strength to Japan. These observers add that, while Japan is financially and otherwise too weak to undertake another great war with a powerful nation, she would not hesitate to undertake a war with a weak one, particularly if that weak one happened to be at her own door and if there were further fields within it which she wished to conquer. The Japanese are proud of what they have already done in China. Not only has their example in resisting Russian aggression and in developing themselves at home into a modern nation been an inspiration to China in general; but whatever there is of good in the present Chinese army has been largely due to the Japanese officers. It is also believed that whatever of good there is in the Chinese press is due to the Japanese who have gone to China to engage in the profession of journalism. In education the influence of Japan upon China is evidenced by the fact that in Tokyo alone, the Japanese capital, there are no less than fifteen thousand young Chinese students. There has been a distinct effort to make diplomatic relations with China clear and comprehensive. By the Treaty of Peking Japan's rights in Manchuria are defined, and these rights are of great commercial, political, and strategic advantage to Japan. The Tatsu-Maru incident shows that the Japanese Government is not disposed to temporize with the Chinese. The steamship was seized, as the Japanese claim, not in Chinese but in Portuguese waters. After a number of fruitless conferences, the Chinese Government acceded to Japan's demands and consented to purchase the vessel's cargo, which had been seized, to pay all costs caused by the seizure, to salute the rehoisting of the Japanese flag, and to punish the officers responsible for the seizure. The event in itself may seem insignificant. The results may be otherwise. In spite of these various disputes we do not see any real reason for supposing that Japan either proposes to or will be able to threaten the development of China as a homogeneous and independent nation.

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The New British Ministry

Usually when a British Minister resigns, Parliament is dissolved and an appeal is made to the country. Mr. Asquith has reorganized his Cabinet and taken his place as Prime Minister without pursuing this course. There was no reason why the great expense and disturbance of an election should be thrust upon the country at this time. A number of by-elections have gone

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against the Government, but the Liberals still have a large majority in the House of Commons. The changes made in the new Cabinet are few, and none of them of special importance. Mr. Lloyd-George becomes Chancellor of the Exchequer in recognition of administrative abilities of a very high order and of distinguished services; chief among them the settlement of the railway strike last year. This brilliant Welshman has proved to be an effective orator and one of the best debaters in the House of Commons; while it is generally believed that the extreme radicalism to which he seemed to be tending has been a good deal modified by his contact with actual conditions. Lord Crewe takes the place of Lord Elgin in the Colonial Office. Lord Tweedmouth, whose indiscretion in allowing the fact that he had received a personal letter from the German Emperor to become public brought him into unenviable prominence, has been shifted from the Admiralty to the Lord Presidency of the Council. The two new men who have entered the Cabinet are Mr. Runciman, who becomes President of the Board of Education, and Mr. Winston Churchill, who becomes President of the Board of Trade, and who, like his father, very early attains Cabinet rank. His triumph, however, is not without its dangers, for it involves the possibility of losing his seat in Manchester. But Mr. Churchill, like his father, is a capital fighter. The one surprise in the situation is the elevation of Mr. Morley to the peerage, with the rank of Viscount. Few men so conspicuously representative of democratic, not to say radical, tendencies could have accepted a peerage without serious loss of prestige. In Mr. Morley's case, though there may be some questioning, there will be no abatement of confidence. "Honest John Morley" will be as much respected in the Upper as he has been in the Lower House. The probability is that he has accepted a peerage as a matter of public duty. It was impossible for him to bear the double strain of the Secretaryship for India and the work of a Minister in the House of Commons at the same time. It seemed essential that he should continue to govern India, where his wise, firm, and conciliatory policy has been of the highest importance during an agitation that is by no means ended. Mr. Morley has solved the difficulty by retaining the Secretaryship for India and giving up his position in the House of Commons. In order to do this it was essential that he should take a seat in the Upper House, and for that reason he has accepted a peerage. This action is in line with the elevation of spirit which has characterized his entire public life.

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Tolstoy's Birthday

On the 28th of August next Count Leo Tolstoy will complete his eightieth year, and arrangements are being made to observe the occasion on an international scale. It is proposed to ask all civilized peoples to unite in honoring the man by special observances of the day, recognizing in this way, not only his eminence as a man of letters, but his significance as a social reformer. A central committee has been formed in Russia which will invite representatives of literature, social progress, and the learned societies from all countries to assemble in St. Petersburg or Moscow. It is further proposed to present an international address to Tolstoy, and it has been suggested that one feature of the celebration shall be the publication of a cheap edition of his principal works in the leading languages of Europe. The committee formed in Paris includes such well-known writers as Anatole France, Melchior de Vogüé, Leroy-Beaulieu. Among the members of the English committee are Mr. Meredith, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Barrie, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Hewlett, Mr. Gosse; and a committee will undoubtedly be organized in this country. This movement is a new and striking evidence of the trend toward internationalism. Probably for the first time in the history of the world, civilized nations will unite to do honor to a distinguished man. There have often been national observances of the birthdays of living men, and on such occasions there have been contributions of affection and respect from other nations; but this is probably the first time that nations other than that to which the man belonged have formally united and have given

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such a celebration a world-wide significance. The honor is well deserved; for although Tolstoy's religious views are impracticable and his schemes of social reform impossible of realization, it remains true that he is the foremost living man of letters, that his personal character is one of the highest purity, and that his position is unique in that he is absolutely untrammeled in a country which fetters everybody else. His future reputation will rest, not on his religious or social tracts and treatises, but on his purely literary work. He will be remembered as the author of "Anna Karénina," "War and Peace," and a small group of short stories, and not as the author of "The Kreutzer Sonata" and "Resurrection."

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An Event in the Publishing World

As a matter of convenience, the well-known publishing house of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., which now exists as a copartnership, is to be incorporated under the name of The Houghton Mifflin Company; a change of name but not a change of the policy or personnel of the business. Under the new arrangement a number of young men, already associated with the house, are to have an active interest in its direction. The Atlantic Monthly has been published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for more than twenty-five years; the August number will be published by the Atlantic Monthly Company; but in this case, as in the case of the house itself, there will be no change of policy, but there will be an addition of a number of young men of ability and experience to the working force of the magazine and to its management. Among them are Mr. Ellery Sedgwick, Mr. Waldo E. Forbes, Mr. MacGregor Jenkins, and Mr. Roger Pierce. The Houghton Mifflin Company will retain a large interest in the magazine. Mr. Bliss Perry will continue to be its editor, and the place of publication will be, as in former years, 4 Park Street, Boston. The Atlantic, which is dear to all lovers of American literature, will continue to be, as in the past, faithful to the best traditions of American writing. Under Mr. Perry's editorship it has given evidence of renewed vitality; and, while sacrificing nothing of the best, has made itself in an unusual degree the interpreter and spokesman of the best thinking and the most progressive movements of the present day. It is a great satisfaction to know that the change which has been announced is one of method and not of character.

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Concerning Men of Wealth

With all that Mr. Higginson says on another page concerning the indebtedness of the community to the rich The Outlook heartily agrees—and more. In no country and at no time have the rich been so generous with their money, never so liberal with their time and their enterprise, in the promotion of the public welfare. Last year the gifts, apart from those made directly to or through the churches, from the living amounted in round numbers to $108,000,000, from the dead to $42,000,000 more—a total of $150,000,000. This was, it is true, probably the largest amount in the history of benefactions; but it is also true that in this era, often characterized as one of unscrupulous greed, the benefactions of the rich annually approximate, when they do not exceed, $100,000,000. And to this total must be added all that is given through the churches; and every church that is worthy of the name is a charitable organization. These benefactions have been to a great variety of causes—educational, philanthropic, æsthetic, social. Our museums, art galleries, symphony concerts, public libraries, colleges and universities, hospitals and asylums, are largely the creation of these benefactors. Jew and Christian, Roman Catholic and Protestant, Orthodox and Agnostic, have contributed with like generosity. And they have contributed to men of every creed, every class, and every race. The college, the library, the hospital, are open to men of every faith and of none. Schools in the North and schools in the South, schools for the poor and schools for the rich, schools for the negro and schools for

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the white man, have alike received endowments. The negro at Hampton or Tuskegee is not more dependent on the gifts of the rich than the student at Harvard or Chicago University. The son or the daughter of the richest millionaire in the land cannot get better medical and surgical attention than the son or daughter of the porter or the drayman in his employ. The college and the hospital may be said with but little exaggeration to have adopted the Socialistic motto, From every man according to his ability, to every man according to his needs.

Nor is this all. The men of wealth have rendered to the community quite as great a service by the process of making wealth as by its distribution. For the men of wealth have by their organizing ability provided employment for hundreds of thousands of men who could not provide employment for themselves. The problem of the unemployed which this country is now confronting bears its witness that there are a great host of men who are thus dependent on others to secure employment for them. The Steel Corporation employs 200,000 men; the Pennsylvania Railroad another 200,000 men; the Westinghouse Companies, largely the creation of a single captain of industry, 38,000. These figures suffice to illustrate the fact that to-day an overwhelming majority of men depend on employers, a large number of them on rich employers, for the opportunity to earn a livelihood for themselves and their families.

It is true that the employers are well paid for this service; true that for their wealth they are dependent on those whom they employ; true that some social reformers think that with a different organization of society those thus employed could profitably employ themselves; true that other social reformers think that it would be better for the State to employ them. But as society is now constituted, unnumbered thousands of men in every grade of employment are dependent on men of wealth for the opportunity to earn a living for themselves and their families. What this service is worth to them any man may see if he will compare the condition of Silas Marner with that of the average weaver in any New England factory town to-day. What difficulty finding or creating such employment involves he may ascertain by endeavoring to provide employment for even half a dozen of the unemployed in his own ward or village.

The social reformer insists that society ought to be reorganized; nevertheless, until it is so reorganized the impartial mind will recognize the service which men of wealth are rendering to the community by providing employment in the existing organization of industry. The writer of this article gladly recognizes his indebtedness, not only to the men and women who will set this article in type, and the pressmen who will print it, and the railway employees who will carry it to all parts of the United States, but also to the capitalists whose capital and business sagacity combined have created the organization which has made possible this distribution of the product of his pen.

We do not then merely admit, we affirm and emphasize, as we have often done before, all that Mr. Higginson has said of the value of the service which the rich men who are benefactors are rendering to the community. But this is no reason why we or they should be blind to the injury which rich men who are plutocrats are inflicting on the community. The benefactors should not leave the poor men to criticise the plutocrats; they should themselves be the plutocrats' severest critics. To such men as Mr. Higginson, whose beneficent spirit is known wherever in the United States there is admiration for music, art, or education, we look for unsparing and vigorous condemnation of the men who make their money by injustice and expend it in selfishness.

Mr. Higginson criticises The Outlook's definition of plutocrat. "Many people," he says, "do not agree with your definition, and many more do not understand it." Here is the definition: "By the plutocrats we do not mean the very rich. There are very rich men who are not plutocrats; there are plutocrats who are not very rich men. A democrat is a man who believes in government by the people for the people; a plutocrat is a man who believes in government by the

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rich for the rich." We really do not see how we can make the definition clearer. "A plutocrat is a man who believes in government by the rich for the rich." He may be a multi-millionaire who demands of Congress special privilege, that he may become a still greater millionaire; he may be a village butcher or grocer who uses the influence his comparative wealth gives him to defeat measures for the public welfare because they will increase his taxes. A "boss" is a "boss" whether he manages a National, a municipal, or a village machine; a plutocrat is a plutocrat whether he deals with hundreds or with millions, if he uses the power which his money gives him to promote special privilege. As for the many people who do not agree with this definition, we refer them to the structure of the word, *plutos*, the rich, *krateo*, to rule—the rule of the rich; or to the dictionaries. The Standard: Plutocrat, "One who exercises political power by virtue of his wealth." The Imperial: Plutocracy, "The power or rule of wealth." The Century: "Government by the wealthy class." Webster: "Government by the rich." Murray: "The rule or sovereign power of wealth or the wealthy."

It is true that conscienceless demagogues sometimes use the word plutocrat to excite prejudice against the rich because they are rich, and careless newspapers sometimes unconsciously help them in this misuse. But we decline to abandon the right use of a word because it is sometimes wrongly used by others. We shall continue to commend the rich who are benefactors—that is, those who in the making of their money and by their use of it after it is made serve the community; and we shall continue to condemn the rich who are plutocrats—that is, those who use their wealth to get political power and use their political power to increase their wealth, who believe in government of the rich for the rich, and act on that belief. To all readers who desire from The Outlook a gentler treatment of the criminal rich we reply in the words of John Chrysostom:[1] "You call out to me, 'Will you soon leave off preaching against the wealthy?' 'Well,' I say to you, 'desist from grinding down the poor.' You cry out, 'You are again hurling thunderbolts at the wealthy.' This is my answer to you: 'It is but your own ruthlessness toward the poor that is once more made manifest. So long as you go on insatiably exploiting the needy, so long will I be insatiate in scourging you wealthy people."

There are in America many benefactors who both in making money and in using it are serving others that are accounted less fortunate than themselves. They will always receive our admiration for their character and our gratitude for their service. But there are also in America some plutocrats who are insatiable in exploiting the needy. So long as they exist, so long The Outlook will be insatiable in its condemnation of them.

[1] Quoted by Father Petroff in the Contemporary Review for March, 1908, p. 278.

Uncle Sam, Banker

The Outlook has been supporting the Aldrich Bill because it believes in an elastic National bank currency. There are three qualities that are essential in a sound form of bank note currency: it should be as secure as human wisdom can make it, it should circulate universally, and it should increase in volume with the increasing volume of trade and decrease with the decreasing volume of trade. Our present bank note currency possesses two of these qualities. It is absolutely secure and it circulates freely all over the country, because it is guaranteed by the Government of the United States. It is virtually a Government currency. But it is not elastic, because it is based upon Government bonds, and Government bonds are a non-elastic quantity. A reference to the chart on page 592 of The Outlook for March 14 will show in graphic form the difference between an elastic and a non-elastic currency. The experts of the country are practically agreed that our bond-secured currency is archaic, and that the ideal to be achieved is a currency based upon the assets or wealth of the country. With this judgment The Outlook is in hearty agreement. The vital question is how to achieve that ideal. It is im-

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possible in the period of one session of Congress to persuade the country to abandon the faith it has been taught for forty years to place in United States bonds as a basis of currency, and to adopt general assets in their place. It is possible to get the country to add at the present time other secure forms of wealth to Government bonds, as the Aldrich Bill proposes to do, and, having tried this experiment and found it safe, to add still other forms, such as commercial paper. For this reason The Outlook regards the Aldrich Bill, not as an ideal measure, but as a long step in the right direction. Setting aside questions of reserves, directors' prerogatives, rates of interest, and other details, the general principle of the Aldrich Bill may be clearly indicated by considering the relation of a prosperous merchant to the bank of which he is a customer.

A clothing manufacturer in New York, with his books full of orders, in the spring wishes to make up a stock of garments for the ensuing autumn trade. He needs to buy cloth, to hire tailors, to rent a bigger loft and workroom, and in these and other ways to spend currency freely. But he has no currency, although he will have an ample amount of it the following winter when his customers pay for the goods he is making for them. He goes to his bank, where his reputation is high, and the following conversation ensues:

Merchant: "Mr. President, I want to borrow $25,000 for eight months. My business is good and I have a large amount of gilt-edged bills receivable. Will you make the loan?"

Banker: "Why, yes, Mr. Merchant, you are one of our best customers, but I am sorry to say my directors are a little cautious just now about commercial paper, and have instructed me by a mandatory resolution to ask for other collateral on all loans. Can't you give us some acceptable collateral?"

Merchant: "Yes, Mr. President, I have six hundred shares of Southern Pacific, which I don't want to sell just now, because when Mr. Harriman satisfies the Government he is going to 'play fair' I think it will go up in price."

Banker: "Good, let us have that stock; and, let me see—its market price is now about 75—that gives us ample margin, and we will give you your twenty-five thousand with pleasure."

The merchant takes the twenty-five thousand dollars, settles his weekly payroll with currency, in due course of time receives what is due from his customers, takes the twenty-five thousand dollars back to the bank and gets his Southern Pacific stock again. This, stripped of all details, is the borrowing relation of the merchant, manufacturer, farmer, publisher, and general man of business to the banks.

Uncle Sam is the greatest banker of the world. His bank is the Government of the United States; the stockholders are the voting citizens of the country; Congress is the Board of Directors; and the Secretary of the Treasury, the Comptroller of the Currency, and the United States Treasurer are the Executive Committee. Uncle Sam does not lend his currency to the individual, but he does lend it to the National banks, which in turn distribute it to individuals. The method by which a National bank becomes a borrowing customer of Uncle Sam, Banker, may be stated somewhat in this way:

The Storm King National Bank of Cornwall, New York, wants one hundred thousand dollars in currency. It goes on to Washington and holds the following interview with Uncle Sam:

Storm King Bank: "Uncle Sam, a great factory has just been established in Cornwall which will double the business of our town. I need a hundred thousand dollars in currency right away to use in the transaction of this growing business. Will you let me have it?"

Uncle Sam: "Certainly, most happy. My assistant, Bank Examiner Blank, tells me that you are one of my first-rate customers. Let me have one hundred United States thousand-dollar bonds as collateral and the currency is yours."

Storm King Bank: "But I haven't any Government bonds and I can't get them. The demand for them is so great that I can't pay the price and continue to do business."

Uncle Sam: "I'm awfully sorry, my dear sir, but my Board of Directors has

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passed a mandatory resolution that I can accept no collateral of any kind whatever but United States Government bonds. This resolution was wise undoubtedly when it was passed, but I tell you privately that I believe I can do a perfectly safe and sound business permitting my customers to put up other forms of good collateral. It may interest you to know that we are about to have a stockholders' meeting, and I think the Board can be persuaded to extend my discretion somewhat as to the collateral. I'm sorry I can't discount your note to-day, but if you know any stockholders or directors I advise you to talk with them."

If the Aldrich Bill or some similar bill is passed, we foresee another conversation between Uncle Sam and the Storm King Bank of the following tenor.

Storm King Bank: "Good-morning, Uncle Sam. Six months ago you turned down my application for a hundred-thousand-dollar loan because I hadn't satisfactory collateral. I understand your Board has changed its ruling about collateral, and I want to get that hundred thousand if I can."

Uncle Sam: "What collateral have you got?"

Storm King Bank: "New York State Highway Bonds, quoted to-day at 109½."

Uncle Sam: "That's satisfactory. They are approved by the Executive Committee, and I am glad to make the loan. I may tell you, by the way, that whenever you care to come to me again there are other forms of collateral that we accept subject to the approval of the Executive Committee, and here is a list of them. You may like to have it for future reference. I judge you had some influence in getting my Board to give me a wider discretion, and so I say to you that I believe the Board would have been wise to let me add gilt-edged commercial paper to the forms of collateral which I may accept. After they have tried the present plan, under the resolution proposed by Director Aldrich, and find that it works safely and securely, I believe they will include commercial paper as suggested by Mr. Gage, one of our most influential stockholders and a former officer of the bank. You see, about forty years ago the banks of this country, so far as their notes of issue were concerned, were a pretty untrustworthy lot, and my Board refused to do any business with them unless they put up the most exclusive kind of collateral, which was of course Government bonds. The banks are now thoroughly trustworthy owing to Government supervision, and the Board has therefore modified its ruling."

This illustration, homely as it is, gives a fair representation of what will be the practical working of the Aldrich Bill if enacted. The Outlook does not attempt to express any judgment as to details of banking transactions or the proper methods to be pursued to make a profit from loans and discounts. It does assert, however, that the general principle which lies at the bottom of banking, so far as it concerns the issue of currency, is as simple and human as the principle which governs the relations of borrower and lender in private commercial life.

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A Recent Fairy Story

Mr. Sinclair's extraordinary flight of imagination, "The Metropolis," easily refutes the charge that Americans lack creative genius. It is likely to hold a unique place in the fiction that detaches itself wholly from the world of fact and, like some Congressional oratory, mounts on ready wing to the upper blue and never descends. From that early venture in which Mr. Sinclair fictitiously died, so to speak, for the benefit of his readers and his publishers, he has shown wonderful facility in the creation of imaginary conditions. It is true there were some facts in "The Jungle," but they disappeared in the swift expansion of the writer's fancy, which, like a balloon, rapidly inflated itself to a point where it spurned the earth and was borne aloft to the home of the other winds. In "The Metropolis" Jules Verne is quite outdone in the matter of audacity of imagination, and Zola in power of depicting the grosser substances from which the older art, with aristocratic cowardice, turned its face; while in point of style this extraordinary work places Mr. Sinclair securely beside

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Mr. Dixon and other masters of the brave and unabashed phrase, the purple and resonant adjective.

Mr. Sinclair shrinks from no detail of the gorgeous and iridescent splendor with which he dwells in this story. To read it, if one is driven to that extremity, is to recall the golden age of the good, old-fashioned panorama which once carried joy into remote rural communities; and the art of it is of the same order; it can be measured by the yard and cut off in lengths to suit the customer. It is almost entirely a scenic tale, and the moral of it is to be found, if anywhere, in the background. It reads like a continuous publication of the New York Journal; it deals exclusively with the rich, and thus affords those whose means are limited a chance of knowing opulence at close quarters; its reports are not formal and colorless, but joyously flamboyant and magnificently Englished, so to speak.

From page to page one moves in an exalted world of porcelain bath-tubs, finger-bowls, rich carpets, and trained servants. There is no vulgar commonplace in this modern Arabian Nights tale; there are hard-hearted villains of colossal income, silver sconces, tapestries of incredible value, peaches that bring ten dollars apiece in the market, rugs that blaze with the glorious dyes of the East. Think of attending a luncheon which is described in these words:

> It began with ice-cream, molded in fancy shapes and then buried in white of egg and baked brown. Then there was a turtle soup, thick and green and greasy; and then—horror of horrors—a great steaming plum-pudding. It was served in a strange phenomenon of a platter, with six long silver legs; and the waiter set it in front of Robbie Walling and lifted the cover with a sweeping gesture—and then removed it and served it himself. Montague had about made up his mind that this was the end, and began to fill up on bread and butter, when there appeared cold asparagus, served in individual silver holders resembling andirons. Then—appetite now being sufficiently whetted—there came quail, in piping hot little casseroles; and then half a grapefruit set in a block of ice and filled with wine; and then little squab ducklings, bursting fat, and an artichoke; and then a *café parfait;* and then—as if to crown the audacity—huge thick slices of roast beef!

And the reader gets all this for $1.50, not reckoning discounts! Mr. Sinclair has written the most gorgeous advertisement of upholstery which the age has produced; if the publishers would illustrate the book with pictures of the furniture it describes, they would confer a boon on those at a distance from great cities who have suddenly acquired wealth but with whom "wisdom lingers." As a guide for those about to collect objects of luxury for fashionable bar-rooms this story will be invaluable.

Mr. Sinclair possesses the prime quality for success in the field of pure imagination: entire ignorance of his subject. Any knowledge, however slight, of the real New York would have hampered him; his free imagination would have been chilled by even casual contact with brutal realities. He was, fortunately, as unembarrassed by any consciousness of facts as were the authors of the "Arabian Nights;" and he leaves facts as far behind as did the creators of the genii and the afrites. He used much the same material as the old tellers of wonder-stories: enormous wealth suddenly called into being, palaces built overnight, gorgeous food on golden dishes, malignant spirits scheming to destroy their less fortunate fellows. It is his misfortune that he lacks the story-teller's impartial temper; the ease and grace of mood which presides over "The Count of Monte Cristo," for example. He is very unpleasant throughout, because he seems to hate the figures he shuffles about. This is not only an artistic blunder, but it is quite inexplicable, for his people are all puppets; there is not a living man or woman among them. They are moved by wires, and the wires are in plain sight. They have no moral responsibility of any sort or kind; they are simply Mr. Sinclair's thoughts projected on a little stage, and to hate them is to hate himself.

The bad temper of the book is so marked, however, that it threatens its success as a piece of imaginary literature. It has already been taken seriously. Here, for instance, is the London Academy accepting it as an accurate description of New York, and finding in it confirmation of its worst hopes for the metropolis. To be sure, the London Academy is now a low-down, vulgar jour-

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nal to which the intelligent English pay no attention, and New York has enjoyed and used the opportunity of having nothing to do with its editor as thoroughly as London is doing; but it is a blunder to write a fairy tale in such a spirit that even so inferior a journal as the Academy can make the mistake of taking it seriously. The sense of humor is so widely diffused in this country that it will help Mr. Sinclair in spite of himself; no American will confuse the real metropolis with the imaginary metropolis of his disordered imagination. For some years Mr. Sinclair has been writing fairy stories; will not some good friend suggest to him to write a pleasant one! True stories must often be harrowing and heartbreaking; but there is no excuse for writing brutal, hateful, sordid fairy stories.

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The Spectator

When the Spectator desires to find something new in his own city, he does not take the "Seeing New York" automobile. No, indeed—he trusts to a cousin from the country who never visits Manhattan without bringing enterprising ideas as to novel things to be seen in the metropolis. On her last visit she did not fail him, for she produced at once the project of attending the Russian Church. Now the Spectator had always known there was a Russian Church, and always intended to go to it. He had heard how, each January, marching in procession from its doors, its priests and people visited the East River and blessed it with quaint ceremony, as the Neva in St. Petersburg is annually blessed, and he had always meant to see that procession. Nevertheless, he had to confess to ignorance even of where the church was, and whether the services were open to visitors.

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"We'll go, anyway," said the cousin. "The church has moved up from the East Side to somewhere near Central Park, and they don't go and bless the East River any more. They bring some water from it in a cup and bless that instead. They're getting Americanized and labor-saving, you see. The church must be near Ninety-seventh, because Mary Parsons went there last winter, and she said it was just around the corner from her sister-in-law's." Mary Parsons is the Spectator's cousin's next neighbor at home, and another rural expert in sightseeing. Information from such a source being equal to an American Baedeker, the Spectator and his cousin started on Sunday morning, and discovered the church without trouble. Outwardly it was like any other small church, with only its notices in Russian to differentiate it. But once inside, it was like stepping into something far away and different.

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What the Greek Church may be like in its own cathedrals in Russia the Spectator cannot say. But in this American translation it is indescribably picturesque and appealing. First came the impression of color and light. Across a sea of heads of kneeling worshipers, men massed on one side, women on the other, seven tall, slim stands, each with dozens of slender lighted tapers grouped around one tremendous central candle, glittered and wavered on a platform running all across the church. Behind this platform, which was approached by three flights of steps, rose a screen, carved, painted, gilded, and divided into some dozen panels, each with life-sized saints, angels, etc.—not in dim conventional Byzantine style, but in full warm color, with a hanging lamp illuminating each panel. In the center a two-leaved door, surmounted by the queer three-storied Russian cross, was open into the chancel, where, before a half-seen altar table with gold and silver vessels, a gorgeously robed priest, all in red, with golden cope, was kneeling and offering incense, chanting in a splendid tenor. There were no seats, the whole congregation kneeling on the bare wide floor, and the church was crowded full. From the gallery behind came the harmonious yet mournful responses of the choir. The singers stood grouped around their music-stands, led by a tall, dark-haired Russian who, as the cousin

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expressed it, looked like a gentle anarchist. There was no musical instrument, not even, apparently, a tuning-fork, yet the precision and beauty of the singing were remarkable. One six-foot basso wore a long cloth-of-gold duster—no other word describes it, cut and fit—with a cross on the back; but the rest were plainly dressed in ordinary American clothes.

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The mass was long but never wearisome, for the music was exquisite, and something kept happening on the floor all the while. There seemed to be much individual liberty for the laity, especially as to candles and icons. Every now and then, from among the congregation, a man, or a woman with a child in her arms, would go up the steps, light a long new taper at the central candle of one of the seven stands, blow out a half-burned one to make room for it, and then return to the floor. Or a group would make their way to one of the shrines at the sides of the church, where an icon was framed under glass on a sort of table, and kiss the icon devoutly, crossing themselves and then resuming their places. Back under the gallery a deacon in another long cloth-of-gold duster sold candles from a desk where there were also a register and papers. The officiating priest, all this while, in his gorgeous vestments, was kneeling and rising, coming and going from platform to chancel altar, singing sonorously without stopping except when the choir made the responses.

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When the proper point in the mass was reached, the priest left the platform and came down among the people, bearing the bread and wine, mingled together, in a golden cup covered with a square golden filigree cover of most curious and barbaric effect, lined with red. Several men and women, most of them with children in their arms, made their way to him, to partake of the sacrament. The priest uncovered the cup, plunged a long-handled spoon into it, and thrust the spoon and its contents well down the throat of each communicant. If any child among the dozen or so had tonsilitis, none of the rest could escape the benefit of it, and some of the babies cried dismally, as if they realized this. Each communicant, young and old, after thus receiving the bread and wine, kissed the cup and then the priest's hand. Meanwhile a collection was being taken up on silver plates covered by red silk napkins fringed with gold, and another man went into a side door of the screen and brought out a plate of bread cut into small pieces, which was blessed by the priest and then carried over beside one of the icons. The congregation then dismissed themselves by going over in single file to the icon, kissing it, crossing themselves, taking a piece of the "*pain bénit*," and leaving the church.

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But still quite a number stayed on. The priest now read three or four banns of marriage from the platform. The choir left, but the six-foot basso in the duster went down and began singing, with the priest, at a black-draped sort of reading-desk that the deacon produced from behind the screen. Other sight-seers now appeared, evidently knowing the ropes. Apparently visitors were not considered as intruding and not noticed at all. "It is a requiem now," explained one newcomer to the Spectator's cousin, "and then there will be a marriage, perhaps two or three. They take this time after the mass for all sorts of things." Evidently they did, for first the requiem was chanted in unison by priest and basso, and then a woman who had been standing for about an hour in front of one of the shrines, holding a lighted candle, came up on the platform and the priest flicked holy water from a brush over her, so that she went away sprinkled and presumably shriven. For perhaps twenty minutes a bridal procession, flower-crowned and favor-bedecked, had been huddled in the back of the church, and now they came forward, the groom having first signed the register at the desk. The use of a second small platform, with two steps all around it, in the very center of the floor, was now explained. It was for weddings, and the procession arranged themselves on it, the bride and groom on the lowest step,

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the best man and maid of honor on the step above them, and the bride's family on the platform space. The priest and the basso ranged themselves in front, and the ceremony began.

❀

Perhaps some of the objections of the Russian Anarchists to the very institution of marriage may be traced to the discomforts of the Russian wedding service. Imagine an American bridegroom's feelings if he had to hold a lighted candle in one hand throughout the ceremony, and also kiss a large red velvet book twice, drink three times out of a very dubious-looking little round flat cup, wear a brass openwork crown lined with red (kissing it before he puts it on and after he takes it off), and finally join hands with his bride under the priest's golden robe, while the priest, gripping the joined hands firmly through the stiff vestment, leads the unfortunate couple and their attendants three times round the altar, all chanting a hymn three verses long. The Spectator held his breath as the candles wavered close to the bride's veil. That most Russian brides are not burned to death on their wedding day is a fortunate escape. It was not a warm day, yet before the end of the service the groom was in a visible perspiration and very red in the face. The bride—but then a bride can always stand anything, as the Spectator's cousin truly remarked.

❀

There were three weddings, one after the other, and in each one the ceremony varied a little. This Russian church gathers in all the varieties of Russian immigrants, and its priests know how to suit each couple with the service they are best accustomed to. It is the church of the Embassy and the church of the poorest. The Consul-General helped take up the collection, and one of the brides was a servant-girl. One noticeable point about it all was the evident devotion and affection of all of them to this, their mother church, in a strange land; and so the Spectator believes that he has seen a true Russian service in the picturesque little church that so few visit, yet that is so well worth the visiting.

CONCERNING MEN OF WEALTH[1]

THE Outlook is an inmate of our house, has been so from the first, and will be so in the future. Therefore I allow myself the freedom of suggestion to you—hardly criticism.

Is it wise to ring so constantly the changes on the moneyed people's evil thoughts and acts? True, you define the plutocrats as "believers in the rule of the rich for the rich," and democrats as the contrary; but many people do not agree with your definition, and many more do not understand it. Are you not fearful that the people of means will decline to use their money (acquired by their brains and hands, and honestly in the large majority of cases) for the furtherance of industry and enterprise, and thus, while not increasing their own wealth, that they may cease to aid education and civilization? A great shadow is over the land, for capital is timid, and is not this fear affecting the savings of the workmen, who are deprived of work and are eating themselves up? Might it not be wiser to show where the rich men and women have done yeomen's service in the schools, hospitals, galleries, and churches of every kind; how they have helped numberless girls and boys to their feet, who have blessed our country and won renown in their future lives, *vide* the late James C. Carter and many others; how one rich man has put the Conservatory of Music in Boston on its feet—always with the aid of many other citizens—and how the same has happened in New York; how men have built universities and libraries; how they have established bath-houses and country homes for sick people and poor children?

See the intelligent, well-studied plan of profit-sharing which the United States

[1] An editorial will be found on another page discussing the subject of this letter.—THE EDITORS.

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Steel Corporation has made its own, and note the results; viz., a large body of workmen who are partners in this company. Look at the many like plans of railway and mining companies, which date back thirty or forty years.

Men are not angels, and they are sore—the capitalists, so called, the well-to-do citizens, and more especially the laborers. It is the fashion to curse the corporations and the rich folks, and every man or woman who has little and wants more and who hears these curses says to himself, "It must be true; I feel it is true. I have no prejudices, but damn a rich man." Religion and morals are not in evidence when people keep up these attacks and when other people repeat them. We all are complex mortals, and so are our representatives in the halls of government. One man schemes and works for money, and another for influence and votes. "I will go for your bill if you will see that my cousin (who is a capital fellow with one leg) gets a post-office or a clerkship." Our representatives everywhere are no better or worse than we, but some of them who succumb to their own temptations think that we private citizens should be entirely virtuous. You will hardly find a man who has done nothing wrong, but you will find plenty of honest, high-minded mortals who are rich, and you will find the same of the poor mortals.

Let us have the laws which exist, and which are good, enforced by the courts; but why so much rhetoric in public? We, as a nation, should have gone to smash long ago if we had not found and used the good qualities of our men and women; and you may be sure that the world is not growing worse, but better. The temptations of life are enormous, and many a situation is very complicated. I could easily puzzle you with sundry questions of morals, and be sure that you and your most honest friend would not agree with each other in your reply.

Now, will you kindly recite the good deeds, the noble acts, the devotion and self-sacrifice, the wisdom, the achievements of men and women living under our flag—those who have empty pockets and those with full pockets; and will you set forth the blessings to our people—rich and poor, old and young, white and black—which our quiet and also our noisy citizens have brought? May not the example of worthy lives and deeds stimulate other people—rich and poor—to go and do likewise, for we all delight in praise from our fellows? Never mind if these people have benefited themselves as well as others; that is the way God made us. Give God a chance to work out his purposes in his own way and in his own time; and meanwhile let us labor and hold our peace, not forgetting that one-sided talk about money and labor tends to separate us into different classes—the one thing against which we must struggle vigorously; and not forgetting that it is much easier to frighten people about their money than about anything else, and the person most easily frightened is the seamstress or the old lady who can earn nothing and who fears starvation.

Just now the President and men of all descriptions, from the hand-workman to the shopkeeper, the manufacturer, the farmer, are trying hard to change the ill-considered Sherman Law, which was the result of hasty legislation. Admire the sight of all these citizens pulling on one rope, and does it matter who pulls hardest? Do you remember the lines?

"All service is the same with God—
With God, whose puppets best and worst
Are we, there is no last or first."

HENRY L. HIGGINSON.

Boston, Massachusetts.

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NATIONAL COINAGE AND NATIONAL ART

BY A. F. SCHAUFFLER

N view of the widespread interest that has been aroused by the devices on the new eagles and double eagles of the United States, and the criticisms, favorable and unfavorable, that have been passed upon them, it may be interesting to readers of The Outlook to discuss briefly the matter of coinage in ancient times, and especially that of Greece and Magna Græcia. No one will claim that the coinage of the United States has, up to 1906, merited the commendation of artists. R. S. Poole, in his exhaustive article in the Encyclopædia Britannica, says: "Neither the money of the Spanish and Portuguese dependencies, and of the older states, nor that of the English colonies, and of the United States, present much that is worthy of note." Without question, however, the designs of Saint-Gaudens are a marked improvement on anything we have had thus far. Yet when we come to examine the genius of the Greek world, as displayed in its coinage, we find not only a prodigal use of artistic imagination, but a wonderful mechanical perfection in many of the details of numismatic art. And not only so, but in tracing the coinage of ancient Greece chronologically we can easily see the progress of art from its rude archaic beginnings to the time when coins were struck whose beauty has never been surpassed from that day to this.

Before considering, even briefly, the question of Greek coinage, it might be well to say that all the coins of the time under consideration (B.C. 700–150) were struck by hand. Dies were made, probably from hardened copper. One of these dies was fastened in stationary position after the manner of an anvil. On it a ball of silver or gold of the required weight was placed. Then the second die was superimposed, and held in place by hand. Repeated blows of a heavy hammer flattened the metal out to the desired form. As, however, there was no "collar" used, the coins are very frequently badly centered. Indeed, coins perfectly centered are not often to be found.

With regard to the source whence these ancient coins come, they are very various. Sometimes they are found in tombs, at other times they are dug up in the foundations of buildings of the olden time. Once in a while a whole pot of coins is discovered buried in the ground. A friend of the writer, owning some ground in Syria, was watching his workmen make an excavation for the foundations of a building. As the pick of one of the workmen drove into the ground the owner heard a hollow sound. Instantly suspecting what might be the cause, he carefully removed the earth

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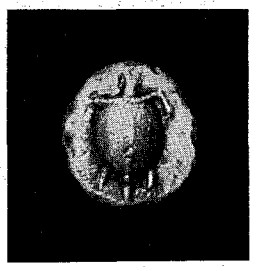
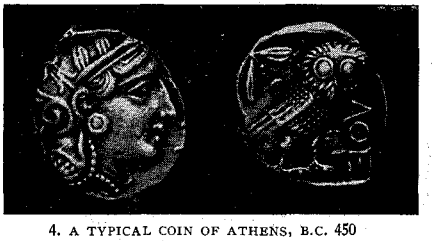
1. GOLD OCTODRACHM OF QUEEN ARSINOE, B.C. ABOUT 300
Obverse and reverse

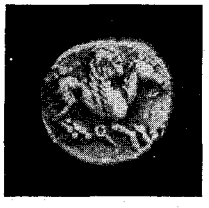


2. THE FIRST COIN WITH INTELLIGENT DESIGN, B.C. 700

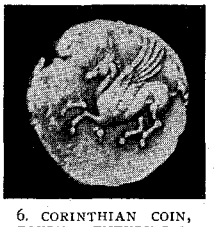
3. A COIN OF VELIA, B.C. 400



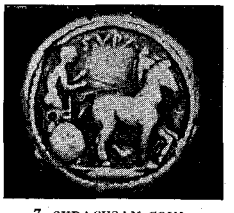
4. A TYPICAL COIN OF ATHENS, B.C. 450
Obverse and reverse



5. CORINTHIAN COIN, FIFTH CENTURY B.C.



6. CORINTHIAN COIN, FOURTH CENTURY B.C.



7. SYRACUSAN COIN, BEFORE B.C. 500

8. SYRACUSAN DECADRACHM, UNDER DIONYSIOS, B.C. 400

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and there found an earthen pot full of tetradrachms of Alexander the Great. No doubt at some time long past the possessor of those coins had hidden them, during the stress of revolution or violence, and had fled, hoping to return when the storm was overpassed. Return he certainly did not, and there the coins lay hidden for possibly two thousand years.

The gold octodrachm of Queen Arsinoe, of which we give an illustration (No. 1), is a comparatively rare coin. Its price has been steadily rising for some years, owing to the scarcity of the coin. When, however, the Obelisk which stands in Central Park was raised from its bed in Alexandria, about fifty of these octodrachms were found. Needless to say, the price of the coin at once fell to reasonable proportions. It is now rising again.

The earliest coins of which we know anything were struck in Lydia, Asia Minor; but they were practically mere balls of silver with certain rude punch-marks on them. The first coins having any intelligent design were those struck on the Island of Ægina; and the earliest of these dates back to about 700 B.C.; a specimen of one of these coins is shown in this article (No. 2). Tradition ascribes the making of these coins to Pheidon, King of Argos. On the obverse we see a tortoise, which was the symbol of Aphrodite, the divinity who was the protector of trade as well as the goddess of the sea. Aphrodite is the same as the Phœnician Astarte, who again is the same as the Ashtoreth of the Old Testament. To set forth the progress of art directly to the eye, let the turtle of the Ægina coin again be compared with the head of Pallas on the coin of Velia (No. 3), minted some time after 400 B.C. The comparison calls for no comment.

In thinking of the progress of art as shown by consecutive centuries of coinage in Greece and in Magna Græcia, we might naturally suppose that Athens would lead the way. This, however, is not the case. The coinage of Athens, which began as early as 590 B.C., shows very little improvement. The reason for this is that Athenian coins circulated over a vast area, and it seemed important so closely to preserve the type that the coins should not be refused even by those dwelling on the mainland of Asia Minor. Practically, therefore, the head of Pallas Athenæ on the obverse and the owl with the olive branch on the reverse, as shown in figure No. 4, remain the type for Athens from the beginning to the end of her numismatic history. The same is true in some measure with Corinth, and for the same reason. At the same time, here we do notice a decided advance in the treatment of the Pegasos which decorates the coin. The earlier of these coins (No. 5), representing the winged Pegasos, dates back to the fifth century B.C., while the later (No. 6) is approximately in the second half of the fourth century. The progress in the treatment of the Pegasos is at once apparent.

Syracusan coinage shows this progress in art perhaps as clearly as that of any other city either in Greece or Magna Græcia. The coin No. 7 was minted in Syracuse probably in the times of the Geomori, and must be dated back to some time shortly before 500 B.C. The crude and archaic character of the work on this coin is instantly apparent to the eye. Compare this with the noted decadrachm of Syracuse, struck in the time of Dionysius and his successors, and the difference will be seen to be vast. Of this decadrachm a specimen may be seen in No. 8. Unfortunately for collectors, there are clever counterfeits of this coin, by Becker, of Berlin. It was his custom to take the finest specimens of the rarest ancient coins and counterfeit them with dangerous accuracy. In order to produce the proper abrasion on these counterfeits, thus making them look more genuine, Becker is said to have had a tin box attached to the axle of his carriage, and as he drove around the streets of Berlin these coins, through constant attrition, gained the exact amount of abrasion which he considered requisite. Though Becker has gone to his reward (whatever that may be), a new and dangerous counterfeiter has arisen in Italy, Santa Maria by name. The writer bought two Alexander staters (gold), last year, of exceptional beauty. On taking them to the British Museum

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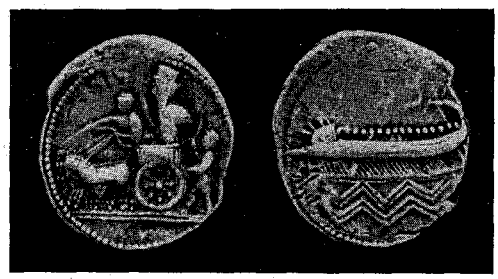
9. SYRACUSAN COIN, WITH PORTRAIT OF QUEEN PHILISTIS B.C. 275
Obverse and reverse



10. COIN OF ARTAXERXES III, ABOUT B.C. 350
Obverse and reverse

11. COIN OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT, B.C. 325
Obverse and reverse

12. TETRADRACHM OF ANTIOCHUS III, ABOUT B.C. 220
Obverse and reverse

last summer, there to be passed on by their expert, both were pronounced by him to be clever counterfeits.

In this connection it might not be amiss to add that the gentle art of counterfeiting has been carried to great lengths in the East. On the Nile there is a factory for ancient scarabs, where the most approved specimens are turned out by the score. In order to secure the beautiful blue-green tints of the genuine scarab, they are forced down the throats of geese. When they have passed through the alimentary canal, the colors are as perfect as the most critical artist could desire. In Greece this art has reached its highest perfection. There, I am told, beautiful counterfeits of old vases are made. They are then sold to farmers, who bury them in the proper places, near the remains of ancient temples or other sites. When the guides (who are part of the precious scheme) come along with their parties of tourists, the guileless peasant is seen digging in his field. At the psychological moment he unearths the vase, and runs with it to the guide. He in turn gives the newly discovered "antiques" to the unwary tourist, telling him that here is a rare chance to secure a treasure, before the government officials are aware of the "find." The result may easily be imagined, as well as the subsequent "dividing of the spoil."

Another of the beautiful coins of Syracuse is that bearing the portrait of Queen Philistis, the wife of Hieron. Of this we give both obverse and reverse (No. 9).

The devices used in ancient coinage were first purely religious, the idea being to put the imprimatur of the divinity worshiped in the town that issued the coin on the same, as a guarantee of good faith. Sometimes

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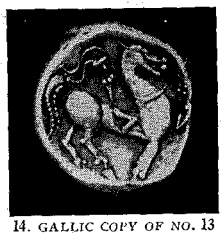
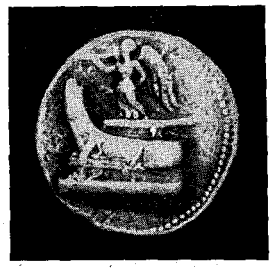
these devices were like that of Ægina, merely an animal; sometimes, as in the case of the Arsinoe octodrachm (No. 1), the cornucopia, this being the symbol of Ceres, the goddess of plenty. Often heads of divinities, idealized, appeared. It was not until after the death of Alexander the Great and after his deification that genuine human portraits were struck, and these at first only because of the deification of the individual portrayed. On all coins even down to later Roman times there was some form of recognition of the religion of the city or the nation issuing the coin.

The coinage of Asia in those earlier periods shows an exceedingly rude and archaic conception and execution on the part of that portion of the world. After Alexander the Great crossed to Asia, he swept with him Grecian art, and the coins of Asia after his day show marked progress viewed from the artistic standpoint. Cut No. 10 is that of a coin of Artaxerxes III (?), minted between 359 and 338 B.C., shortly before the Alexander invasion. On the one side is seen a galley with rowers at sea, riding conventional waves. On the other side is the king, driven by his charioteer, while behind him walks an attendant with a scepter in his hand. Compare this with cut No. 11 of a coin of Alexander the Great. On the obverse of this is found the idealized head of Heracles, while on the reverse sits Jupiter, enthroned, with the staff of authority in his left hand and the eagle of victory in his right. Compare, furthermore, cut No. 12, which represents a tetradrachm of Antiochus III (the Great), B.C. 222 to 187. The portrait is that of Antiochus himself, and is exceedingly fine. It could hardly be surpassed by any

13. COIN OF PHILIP OF MACEDON, B.C. 350



14. GALLIC COPY OF NO. 13



15. MACEDONIAN COIN, ABOUT B.C. 300

16. GOLD STATER OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT, MINTED AT BYZANTIUM

17. GOLD COIN OF THEODOSIUS, ALSO MINTED AT BYZANTIUM

18. DECADRACHM OF AKRAGAS, B.C. 406

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workman in modern times. When the writer showed this coin to an expert in the British Museum last summer, he exclaimed, "What a beauty! I wish we had that in our museum." The reverse represents Apollo sitting on the Omphalos, with his bow in his left hand and the arrow in his right. The anatomy of this figure of Apollo, considering the size of the coin, is really wonderful. Let the reader bear in mind that between the date of the Artaxerxes coin and that of the Antiochus, both minted in Asia Minor, there is a lapse of only about one hundred and fifty years.

The influence of Greek art was felt in Egypt as well as in Asia Minor, and cut No. 1, setting forth a gold octodrachm of Queen Arsinoe, illustrates this. The date of this is about the beginning of the third century B.C. Egyptian stiffness and formality, however, are apparent in the features of the queen. When this head is compared with that of Philistis of Syracuse (No. 9), the difference will immediately be apparent.

Greek coins in due time found their way into western Gaul, and there were copied by the Gallican artists. Cut No. 13 represents a Grecian horse as conceived by the artists of Greece, while cut No. 14 sets forth a Gallic copy of that same horse. To see the copy "is to laugh." How well it sets forth the fact that before ever we try to do anything we must have a *clarified vision*, so that we may see exactly what we should reproduce.

Cut No. 15 represents a coin of Demetrius Poliorketes of Macedonia, and was minted 306 to 283 B.C. in commemoration of a great naval victory won by him over Ptolemy of Egypt near Cyprus in 306 B.C. The same victory is commemorated by a monument discovered some years ago in Samothrace, which is now in the Louvre in Paris, and is the only one of its kind. On the obverse, Victory stands on the prow of the ship blowing the trumpet.

It is ten thousand pities that the progress of art as shown in the matter of coinage should not have continued. But, as a matter of fact, degeneracy set in soon after the beginning of the Christian era. See, for example, cut No. 16, which is that of a gold stater of Alexander the Great, minted in Byzantium, as compared with No. 17. This is a gold coin minted also at Byzantium, under Theodosius. The contrast between the workmanship of these two coins fills one with melancholy.

In view of the animated discussion as to the merits of the Saint-Gaudens eagles on our ten and twenty dollar gold pieces, we reproduce in cut No. 18 one of the celebrated decadrachms of Akragas (modern Girgenti) in Sicily. In the judgment of some noted students of numismatics, this is the finest coin, from the artistic standpoint, ever minted. Mr. T. L. Comparette, Curator of the numismatic collection in the United States Mint in Philadelphia, expresses his opinion as follows to the writer: "I often felt inclined to write the President and suggest the propriety (or the possibility) of employing the two-eagle design for the double-eagle coin; wherein I had in mind a virtual reproduction of the Akragas eagles. I fully agree with you concerning the splendid character of that design. To my opinion it has never been excelled. Winckelmann regards the Syracuse coins the very acme of human achievement in the die-sinker's art, and therein perhaps he was correct . . . but my personal tastes prefer the Akragas coin." Compare the eagle on this coin with that on the American double eagles; the result, we are free to believe, would be decidedly in favor of the work of the Girgenti produced in the fifth century B.C., as compared with that of 1907 A.D.

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A MAYOR WITH AN IDEAL

BY CLINTON ROGERS WOODRUFF

Secretary National Municipal League

MAYOR George W. Guthrie, of Pittsburgh, is entitled to a high place in that gradually but none the less surely enlarging group of American "Mayors of Substantial Accomplishments."

When asked, a few days since, what he considered the best work of his administration, he replied: "I have tried to elevate the standard of municipal management along every line and to place it on such a firm basis that it will hold for the future."

To accomplish this high ideal the Mayor undertook, at the very outset of his work, to eliminate politics from his administration. In State and National politics he is a Democrat, and takes an active share in party politics; but when he came to select his heads of departments, every appointee was a Republican. Not that he could not find capable men in the Democratic party, but simply because the men he wanted for these places, and believed to be the best fitted, happened to be Republicans. I am told that some of the high appointive officers opposed him at the polls in a recent election. When the matter was brought to his attention, so that they might be properly punished, he again astonished the politicians by declaring that politics had nothing to do with city administration.

His emancipation of the office-holder did not stop at the heads of bureaus and departments, but extended right down the line to the lowliest hewer of wood and drawer of water. He early issued an order that no person working for the city could belong to any so-called political club; but every man's right to belong to the party of his choice was recognized, enforced, and protected. He denies to municipal employees, however, the privilege of being candidates for office.

When Mayor Guthrie went into office two years ago, there was no merit system in Pittsburgh; but he soon established an effective one of his own, and at the 1907 session of the Pennsylvania Legislature effectively co-operated with the Pennsylvania Civil Service Reform Association and similar bodies, with Mayor Dimmick, of Scranton, and the business bodies of second-class cities, to secure a law which would permanently establish the merit system in them. He and his colleagues succeeded.

A short time ago some one asked the Mayor how many Democrats he had appointed to office. His immediate reply was, "I haven't the least idea. The question of party has never entered into the matter." That reply, by the way, was thoroughly characteristic of George W. Guthrie. Note its conciseness, directness, and modesty. There is no prating about reform; no ostentatious platitudes about serving the public. Politics should have no part in such matters. He took it for granted that the inquirer, who was an intelligent man, knew this. Under his administration this had been the case, and he said so without qualification or elaboration. Incidentally, an inquiry in other quarters as to the number of Democrats appointed revealed that they constituted a very small proportion.

The tax levied in February, 1906, before Mayor Guthrie assumed office, was 15 mills. That levied in February, 1907, the first under his administration, was 12½ mills. This year, had it not been for the annexation of Allegheny, the city would have required only 10 or 10½ mills. The Mayor's first estimate was 11 mills; but the final figures, as made up by the Finance Committee, showed that the lower figure would have been sufficient. When the Mayor entered office, there was a cash deficit of $400,000, caused by the payment of bills left over from the previous administration. He closed his first year with a small surplus, and the second (1907) with a

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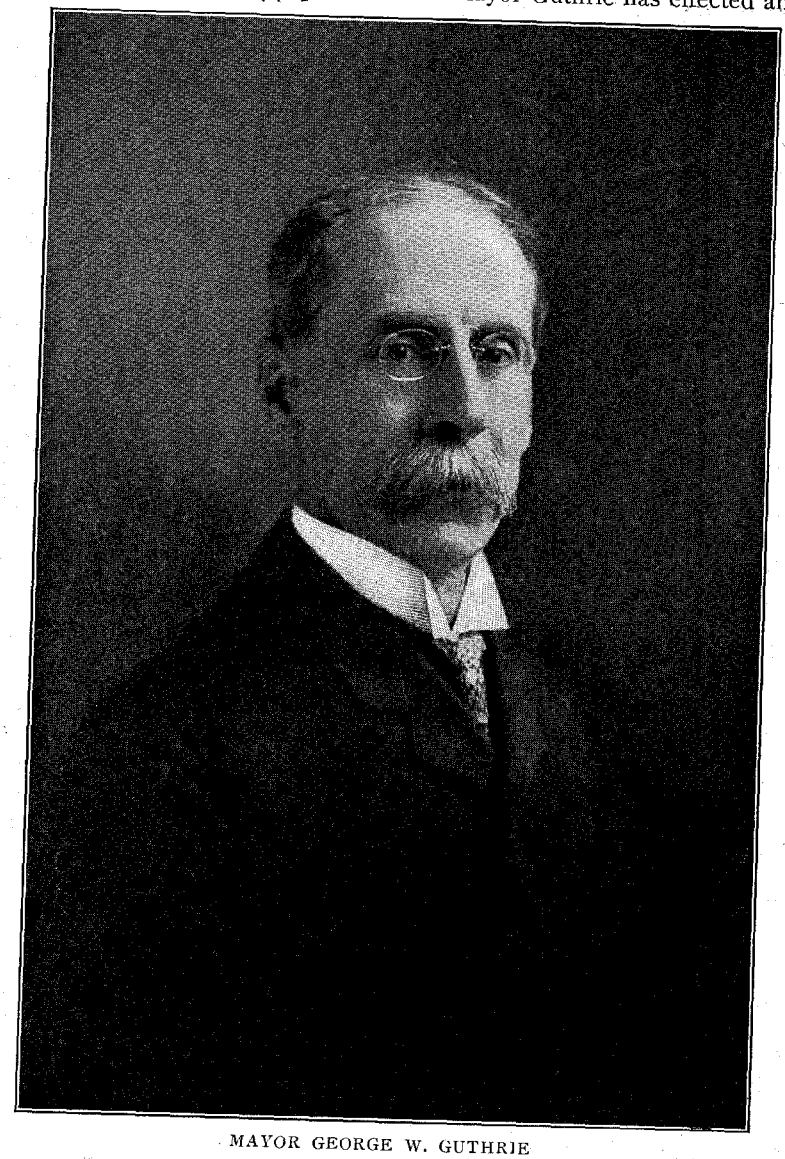
large one. The total tax valuation of the old city of Pittsburgh is $599,852,923. Its total bonded indebtedness is $24,956,001, and its net indebtedness (arrived at by deducting bonds in the saving fund) is $16,532,425, or .02¾ per cent of the valuation. This highly desirable financial result, however, has not been reached by any false economy. Inadequate salaries have been raised. All the street repairing for 1907 was paid for out of the tax levy, and the work on the filtration plant has been pushed unceasingly. Enough of the filter beds are finished to provide for present needs, and as soon as they are "ripened" and the pumping machinery rearranged the city will have filtered water. This, it is expected, will be before summer comes.



MAYOR GEORGE W. GUTHRIE

Mayor Guthrie has effected an important reform in the matter of the sale of bonds. When money was needed and the market good, he sold them. The old system was to issue the bonds, sell them under any conditions, and put the money in some favored depository at a small rate of interest.

Under his predecessor's administra-

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tion the returns from magistrates' fines totaled $59,074.31. During the first year of his administration the receipts from this source were increased to $107,713.07, and to $113,305 for the eleven months of his second year. This reform was brought about through the Mayor's insisting that the practice of remitting fines be abandoned, and that they be promptly returned to the city treasury.

The Councils of Pittsburgh were reorganized at the time of Mr. Guthrie's installation. There were a number of new members in the two bodies. It was suggested that he endeavor to have the Councils reorganized for the support of his administration. He positively refused to take any such step, on the ground that it was no part of the Executive's duty to interfere with legislative functions. As a consequence, both chambers were organized by the opposition. The Mayor's position was that if his policies were in the interest of the public, Councils would, of course, support him; but if they were contrary to public policy, he would not want to secure their co-operation by coercion.

The first evidence of the wisdom of this policy became plain when he attempted to regulate the social evil.

For many years, under the old régime, Pittsburgh had been free from many of the evils of an open city; but a syndicate of Councilmen and politicians had made immense sums out of the business. They controlled the leases of the houses, which they sublet at exorbitant sums. They also controlled the supplies which were furnished to them.

The Mayor issued but one order for the regulation of this district. He made no attempt to solve the entire problem. As the law was plain about the sale of liquor, he declared that that must stop absolutely, and that no house could be run on streets on which there were surface cars. This order proved to be the death-blow of the combination that had previously existed.

The politicians, when they heard the order, laughed. They had fooled every other Mayor, and they thought they could fool Guthrie. He would need Councils and must necessarily "deal" with them. But he needed no one, and he "dealt" with no one. He waited six weeks for his warning to be taken, and then he acted. One Saturday night the police drew a net around the district, and over one thousand arrests were made.

Then came the final blow that stopped political interference. Under the old system police magistrates had been in the habit of holding fines or delaying sentences, which, under the pressure of political influence, were remitted or suspended. Such money as was paid in was held for a month before being turned over to the city treasury. This delay gave the defendant a chance to "get his work in;" that is, he had an opportunity to see his Councilman or ward boss, who was usually successful in having the fine reduced or returned, or, if there had been a jail sentence, of having that suspended. Mr. Guthrie established the rule that all fines and jail sentences, once imposed, would have to stand unless revoked by the county courts. Not only have the revenues of the city largely increased by this policy, as we have already seen, but one of the greatest sources of political evil has been removed. Since this policy was inaugurated there has been no political or machine interference in the administration of the law. Incidentally, I may mention that one Councilman went to jail for his complicity with the protection of the social evil.

Mayor Guthrie has stood, above all things, for the enforcement of the law, without respect to the parties involved or the consequence. He has treated all public corporations fairly, but has always insisted on the maintenance of the city's rights. He instituted proceedings against the Philadelphia Company's action in raising the price of gas. As a result, the proposed increase was cut in half, and none of the other companies raised their prices, as had been contemplated.

He had a case carried to the Supreme Court to force public service corporations to make their own changes and repairs in the event of the city changing the grade or location of a street, and he compelled the street railway companies to recognize the validity of the city's interest in the charters of free bridges, and as a result they are now paying toll for run-

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ning their cars on them. He has instituted suits against the Railway Company for $700,500 to cover its share of street-cleaning for a period of six years, as provided for in its franchises; also a suit for $107,000 to cover the cost of cleaning on and between its tracks for the year 1906. The car tax, yielding $50,000 a year, has also been established, and an investigation inaugurated to ascertain what street railway franchises are unused, and it is Mayor Guthrie's purpose to revoke all such unused franchises.

Mayor Guthrie stands for a general uplifting. He is uncompromisingly honest, and has always the interest of the city in view above everything else. There has been nothing spectacular in his administration; there have been no crusades, no grand-stand plays for public approval to cover up their shortcomings; the law has been enforced along all lines, without regard for any person or any interest except the law itself. The result has been that he has immeasurably lifted the standard of municipal management along every line. He has infused new life into the public-spirited men and officials of Pittsburgh.

The situation in Pittsburgh is so changed and improved that the Secretary of the Civic Voters' League was able to say recently:

> While we have forced Councils to be good, elected the best Mayor in the country, put in county offices men of ability and honesty, forced the politicians to give us a good civil service measure, I am convinced that our most important victory has been to convince the politicai leaders and bosses that there is a new era in politics, and that for the future none but the best men can be elected to public office. I feel certain, unless there is a great change in conditions during the next year, that Flinn will again dominate affairs here in the Republican party. I believe also that he will stand for whatever is best. I think he, together with other political leaders here, have had their lesson and are really sincere in their promises. They now look at things in a different light. They know, also, if they are ever again to control the city administration it will be only by putting in office men of the highest ability and honesty. What greater work can be done than to convert the politician? The prospects for continued good government in Pittsburgh are good.

All of which clearly entitles Mayor Guthrie to a high place among the best American mayors—those who have civic ideals.

THE PILGRIM

BY MARY APPLEWHITE BACON

"Nay, let me tarry here," the Pilgrim sued;
"Fair are these halls, and dear the voice of song."
"Yet pass, unvexed, while most thy heart is wooed,—
And haste! the road is long."

"More grievous each new dwelling that I win:
Their bread is bitter, and in none is peace."
"Yea; but thou lodgest in a wayside inn
Whose worst defect shall cease."

"Ah! sweet the mirth—yet not for such as I—
Breaking full glorious through yon parted door."
"There festal robes await; thy staff lay by;
Thou shalt go thence no more."

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BUCCANEERS of the SAHARA

BY
CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG

ILLUSTRATED WITH
DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS
BY THE AUTHOR

DECORATIONS BY F. C. GORDON

SOUTH beyond the great natural barrier of the rugged Atlas ranges, south from where the Mediterranean foams in, over dangerous quicksands, on to the reef-lined coast of Tripoli, roll away the interminable wastes of the great African Desert. Its vast solitudes seem shrouded in mystery, and over it all one feels at times, even in the sunlight, an uncanny brooding.

To the Arab is generally accredited the control and ownership of the Great Sahara, but, in reality, there, far away from the coasts, a people as mysterious as the Sahara itself roam its trackless sands—the masked Tuaregs, who are the real rulers and buccaneers of the Desert. Their homes are in the very heart of these arid wastes. In the vicinity of Timbuctoo dwell the Aweelimmiden tribe, the westernmost of the Tuareg tribal confederation. In the very center of the Sahara and in the rugged Hoggar Mountains, under the tropic of Cancer, live perhaps the most bloodthirsty of all—the Hoggars. In the deserts in the vicinity of Ghadames and Ghât, where the border line of Tripoli seems to open up its mouth, roam the Asgars, while to the south of Tripoli the Kelowis infest and control the regions through which pass the two main caravan routes from Tripoli to the Sudan. Every southbound *garfla* (caravan) from Tripoli is forced to pass through Tuareg territory. For this privilege the garfla sheik must in person salute the Tuareg Sultan and pay a toll according to the wealth of his merchandise, in addition to a fixed tariff which is levied on all caravans. And woe betide the luckless garfla whose independent sheik refuses to pay tribute or which is caught in the meshes of their tribal wars!

They are masters of a territory half the area of the United States in extent. It reaches from Barbary to the Niger, from the fever-laden districts of Semmur and Senegal on the Atlantic to the land of the wild Tibesti who occupy and control the deserts east of Lake Tchad. Out of the million and a half square miles of Tuareg territory less than the area of New York City is cultivated land, and even this, in most cases, is saved only by a constant fight against the relentless

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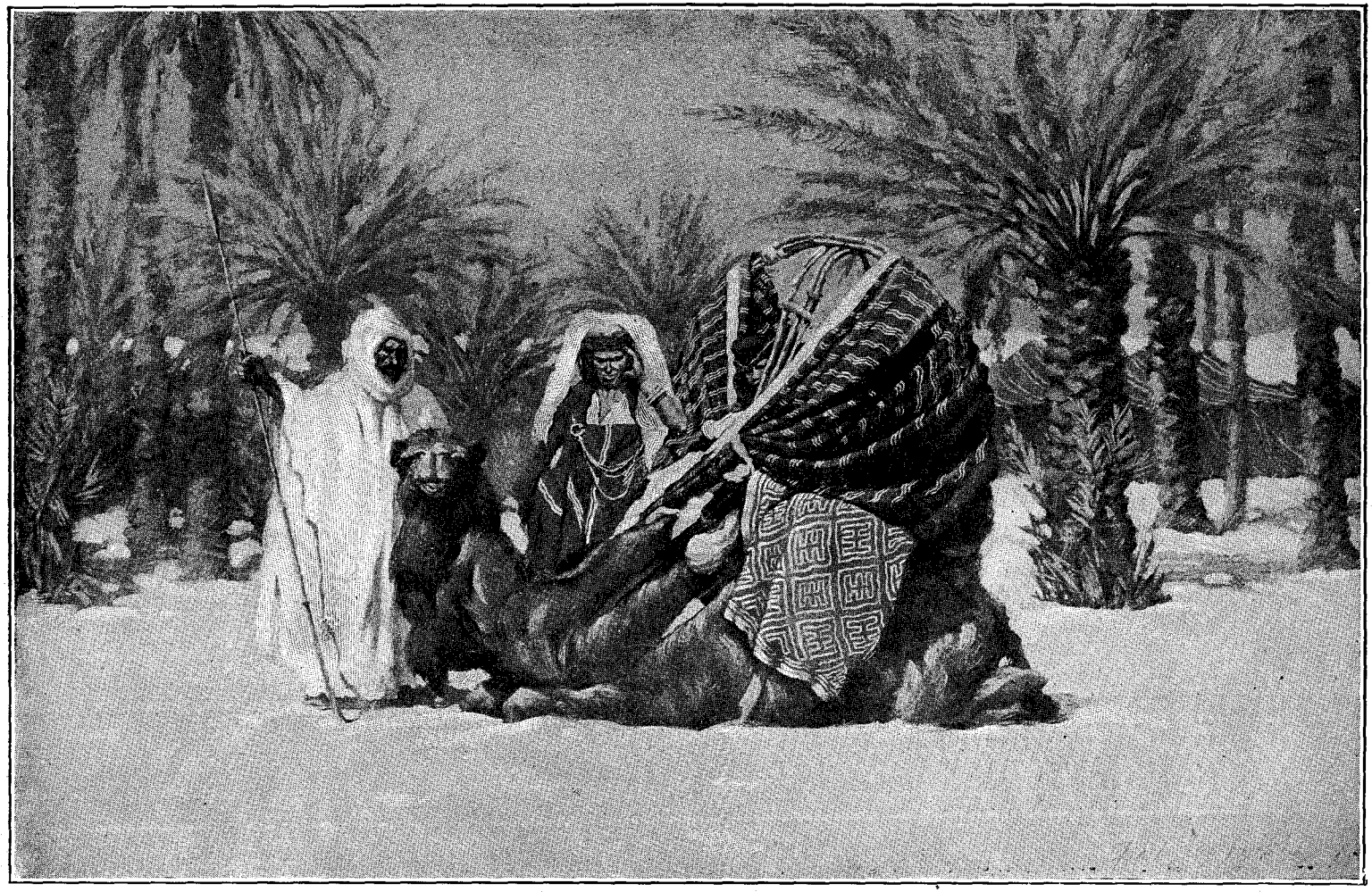

A TUAREG FAMILY GROUP

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march of the drifting sand. Fearless and enduring must a people be who can live, travel, and thrive in such a desolation.

Mounted on swift *mehara* (riding camels), fleet-footed horses, or depending only on their own hardihood and endurance—now here, gone to-morrow—these fierce adventurers, mysterious and as shifting as the sands over which they rove, occasionally drift northward for trade, to forage, or in the pursuit of plunder.

At times they are seen in the most important *suks* (markets) of the northern Sahara and of the Sudan, perhaps to convoy caravans, to spy upon them, or with garflas of their own.

These suks are the great marts where the people from long distances meet to trade; so, too, they are naturally the focal points of the caravan routes.

Tripoli caravans which cross the Sahara often travel from three to four thousand miles, involving enormous outlay, great risks, and sometimes taking two years for the round voyage—all for the sole purpose of exchanging the merchandise of the north for the wares and products of the Sudan.

From Morocco to Tripoli I had heard vague rumors of these strange rovers of the yellow main, of their cunning and their relentless ferocity; but only once, at Gabes, had I met any one who had ever actually seen a Tuareg, one of the God-forsaken, as the Arabs call them. Shortly after my arrival in white-walled Tripoli I set out to get information about them. But information was scarce save along one line—the pillaging of caravans.

One night, as was my wont, found me at the home of an English friend.

"Only Old Mustafa," he commented as he joined us on the balcony which surrounded the inner court of his Arab house. "Old Mustafa," he continued, turning to me, "is one of the shrewdest Arabs in Tripoli. Fifteen years ago he picked up bones for a living. Now he is one of the wealthiest merchants in the town. But in the past few years much of his wealth which was invested in the caravan trade has been emptied out on the desert by the Tuaregs, Tebus, and Gatrunys. To-night he came to inform me that a rider had just come in on a *mehari* from Murzuk with bad news from the south. Details are meager, but the homeward-bound caravan has been attacked between the Bilma oasis and Kawar on the Tchad trail. You see, this is the most direct and westerly of our two main routes, and was considered fairly safe by reason of the recent British occupancy of Kuka at its southern end. The other, to the southwest, by way of Ghadames, Ghât, and Air, of late years has proved a costly risk. But Zolia, there, will tell you about that."

"You see," responded M. Zolia, as he turned toward me a clean-cut face bronzed by several years' residence in Tripoli as Austrian Chancellor, "the greatest menace to our caravan trade is the Tuareg. In nine cases out of ten it is he who is more or less responsible for the looting of the garflas. If it isn't those devils, more than likely it is because of them, as in the case of a recent attack by the Rashada, a wild Tebu tribe from the east of the Ghât route. They had suffered the loss of some camels through a border invasion of Tuaregs. Failing to regain possession, they took it out of the next Tripoli caravan at a small oasis called Falesselez, and got away with eighty loads of ostrich feathers and three hundred and eighty loads of Sudan skins. Not a bad lift for one raid, but hardly a circumstance as compared with the Damerghu affair about half-way between Kano and Air.

"I well remember when the depressing news reached Tripoli. The caravan was one of the largest which had left Kano, consisting of thirteen thousand camels, not to mention donkeys, goats, and sheep. This time it was being convoyed mainly by Kelawi Tuaregs, and started from the south. When about half-way between Kano and Air it was attacked by the Damerghu, who had an old score to settle with the Kelawis. Well, they literally got away with the whole outfit, to the tune of nearly a million dollars' worth of animals and goods. Old Mustafa was not caught in this deal, which nearly caused a commercial crisis here, but the worst of it was that the bones of twelve of our best

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caravaneers, poor fellows, now lie white-bleached beside the garfla trail.

"Paradoxical as it may seem, the Tuaregs not only are despoilers of the caravan trade, but also make that trade possible through their protection as escort. For when tribute is paid for a safe-conduct through their territory, these swarthy warriors, mounted high on their lurching mehara, accompany the caravan to the outskirts of the territory, or, as sometimes happens, agree to protect it through adjoining dangerous districts. On these occasions they will fight as for their own. During the march, however, should one of these eagle-eyed adventurers spy some object which strikes his fancy belonging to a caravaneer, the latter is informed of that fact, whereupon the object changes owners—even to the stripping from his back of his barracan."

"But where can I find the Tuaregs?"

"Well," replied M. Zolia, eying me quizzically, "most people are afraid that the Tuaregs will find them. Their nearest town is Ghadames, twenty days' camel's journey, if you're lucky. Not within the memory of any of us Europeans here in Tripoli has a Christian ever been permitted by the Turks to even start on that route, but a number have *tried* to enter from southern Tunisia.

"Let me tell you of one daring attempt made by two young French lieutenants. One was of the Spahis, the other of the Engineers, both stationed in southern Tunisia. Knowing that permission to make the journey to Ghadames would be refused owing to frontier difficulties, they obtained leave, ostensibly, for a trip to Algiers.

"An Arab guide had been secured, and that night three muffled figures mounted on mehara sped along the star-lit sands towards Ghadames. At one place they stopped to rest near the *kouba* (saint's house) of a *marabout* (holy man), then, leaving it and its solitary occupant, continued on. After a fatiguing journey the white walls and date-palms of their goal appeared on the horizon, clear-cut against the blue sky. As they drew up to the gates of the city, however, they were met by a menacing, jeering mob—for the marabout's eyes were keen and his mehari fresh.

"Amidst cries of '*Roumi! Yahudi!*' and volleys of stones, they were forced to retreat for their very lives. Fearing an attack, they took a circuitous route devoid of wells, and, after superhuman exertions, staggered back to their starting-point."

I well knew the futility of obtaining permission from the Pasha to travel in that direction; besides, my contemplated route lay southwest. But, being anxious to get at least one glimpse of a Tuareg, I persisted in my inquiry.

"Well, you *might* cross their trail in the desert," replied M. Zolia, "and by some chance you might run across them right here in Tripoli, for occasionally they come in with the caravans, or to trade."

"Then I could knock off a sketch."

"A sketch!" ejaculated Riley. "Gad, man, don't try any white man's magic with your pencil or camera on those fellows. That black camera box of yours with a glass eye pointing at them they would regard as a devil of a thing. They might think you could cast a spell over them, and their only method of breaking it is to stab the evil one casting it. 'Dead men cast no spells,' is their motto. Keep away from them; don't even appear too curious. They are childishly superstitious; you might unwittingly offend them by some trivial act, and their knives are long."

Strange as it may seem, the Tuareg is of the white race, and, were it not for the fierce exposure to sand-storm and desert sun, these swarthy children of nature would undoubtedly count many of a Saxon fairness among them. In their veins flows the blood of Berber ancestry, and in their language is preserved the purest example of that tongue. The ancestors of these tribes were likely the most liberty-loving of that independent race, and probably, rather than be subjugated, they retreated into the vast spaces of the Great Desert. Here, at certain centers, they have towns built under the shade of the towering date-palms of the oases; but most of their life, often with no food and shelter, is spent on the march; a wild sally here on a caravan, or a fierce onslaught there into an enemy's territory from their borders,

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then the rapid retreat and the dividing of the loot.

They seem to have drawn their religion from the countries bordering the north and south of their territory, for it embodies certain forms of Mohammedanism of their Arab neighbors, combined with more or less of the fetichism of the Sudanese. Their daily life is a defying of the deathlike wastes, and it is but natural that the lonely vigil of night, the yellow gloom of the sand-storm, and all the mysterious phenomena of those deserts over which they roam, should be associated by these people with the jinns and evil spirits with which their legends and folk-lore abound.

THE SERFS BAND TOGETHER IN PURSUIT OF PLUNDER

"Never promise more than half of what you can perform," runs a Tuareg proverb, and travelers and French army officers have claimed for the Tuareg steadfastness of character, the defense of a guest, and the keeping of promises. This, however, was not borne out in three instances where small bands of the White Feathers relied upon the Tuaregs' word for a safe escort, only to be murdered when far on their journey; nor in the case of the Flatters Expedition which left southern Algeria to study questions of railway communication across the Sahara. This ill-fated company left Ouargla, Algeria, about a hundred strong—French, native tirailleurs, Arab guides and camel-drivers enough to attend to the caravan, some three hundred camels all told. Attached to the party were a number of Tuaregs. Week after week they toiled in measured march south, passed Amgid, and entered the very heart of the Hoggar country. Here they were led into a Tuareg ambush. Those who escaped took up, without transport or adequate provisions, a fearful retreat back over their trail, harassed by the Tuaregs, and dying from starvation, sickness, and exhaustion. Every Frenchman succumbed, and at last four survivors, covering a distance of fifteen hundred kilometers north, crept back to Ouargla.

These incidents give a different side of Tuareg character, and are more in accord with the accounts which I picked up in Tripoli. Nevertheless the Tuareg undoubtedly has many admirable qualities.

Although polygamy is permitted by their law, it is never practiced; and women hold property in their own right even after marriage. Most of their women can read and write, and, often

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pretty and delicate-featured, they spend a part of their time within their tent of goat-skins or camel's hair teaching their children.

The Tuareg social system is on a well-organized basis; in it appear four distinct strata of society—the nobles, who are the pure-blooded Tuaregs; the Iradjenatan, half-blooded descendants of nobles and their vassals; serfs, hereditary descendants of weaker tribes or of freed slaves. Often, banding together, they go out on foraging affairs of their own, passing like mysterious phantoms over the sands. Then, in the small hours of the morning, they come down with a rush on some unsuspecting *douar* (village). Sunrise finds them miles away, red-handed with their loot. Lastly are the Bellates or black slaves, who become much attached to their masters, often refusing their freedom when offered, preferring to retain their Tuareg citizenship rather than seek their homes in the Sudan. The Tuaregs resort to the same method of branding their slaves as do the Arabs—slashing out strips of flesh from the calves, cheeks, or temples.

One stifling morning in mid-July a surprise awaited me. Only the noise of a disconsolate camel or the drone of some drowsy insect among the courtyard plants of my *lokanda* (hostelry) drifted on the heated air. I paused a moment on the threshold, as we are wont to do, perhaps through primeval instinct, then stepped out into the narrow, sun-baked street. Just ahead of me another crossed it, cleaving its way between the white-walled Arab houses. My ear caught the soft scuff of sandaled feet, a white garment flapped out from beyond a corner stone, then two tall figures swung suddenly around the corner. Tuaregs! There was no doubting it, for their faces were masked behind the dark *litham* (veil mask), through whose openings two pairs of eyes looked cat-like and fixedly at me—then we passed.

Giving them barely time to get beyond my lokanda, I dashed for my camera and into the street again, but the Tuaregs had disappeared. They could not have gone far, and, being strangers in the town, would not have entered any Arab house. My surmise that they had turned down a street leading to the bazaar quarter of the town proved true, and I was soon following in their wake.

Draped gracefully over their lean, supple figures, in a way which a Roman prætor might have envied, was a light *haik* or *kheiki*, from which protruded the white sleeves of a gray Sudanese tunic. White *kortebbas* (trousers) reached to their feet, on which were lashed their *ghatemin*, sandals of tooled leather, secured by crossed rawhide thongs passing between the toes and secured at the ankles.

One carried a long spear, and cross-wise over his back a beautifully proportioned two-edged sword hung in a richly worked sheath; the other bore an Arab flintlock, and up the left sleeve I knew each concealed a wicked knife. They shortly turned into the trellis-covered Suk-el-Turc (Market of the Turk), and at a call from an Arab stopped before the small wall opening of a shop.

Only round golden spots of sunlight percolated through the heavy clustered vines and purple fruit and scintillated on their copper bead necklaces and silver amulet cases, but the crowded, narrow mart was too dark to risk a shot with my camera, for I must insure the success of my first attempt, before their suspicions were aroused. From the covering of the booth of a Jewish silversmith I watched the transaction with interest.

The Arab was bartering for their weapons, and, after Arab custom, transcribed his conversation in imagination on the palm of his hand with his index finger. Unlike the Arab, the Tuaregs seemed to disdain haggling over the price, and after an occasional low guttural, by no means lacking in intonation, brought the trade to a sudden termination. One of them threw back the sleeve of his tunic, and slipped the leather bracelet of a long knife-scabbard from the wrist of his left arm. Handing it and the weapon to the Arab, he gathered up a handful of piasters and moved on with his companion.

I slipped from my retreat, noted the Arab booth, and dodged after them for two hours as their path interlaced through the maze of tortuous streets, but no chance presented itself. Owing to my

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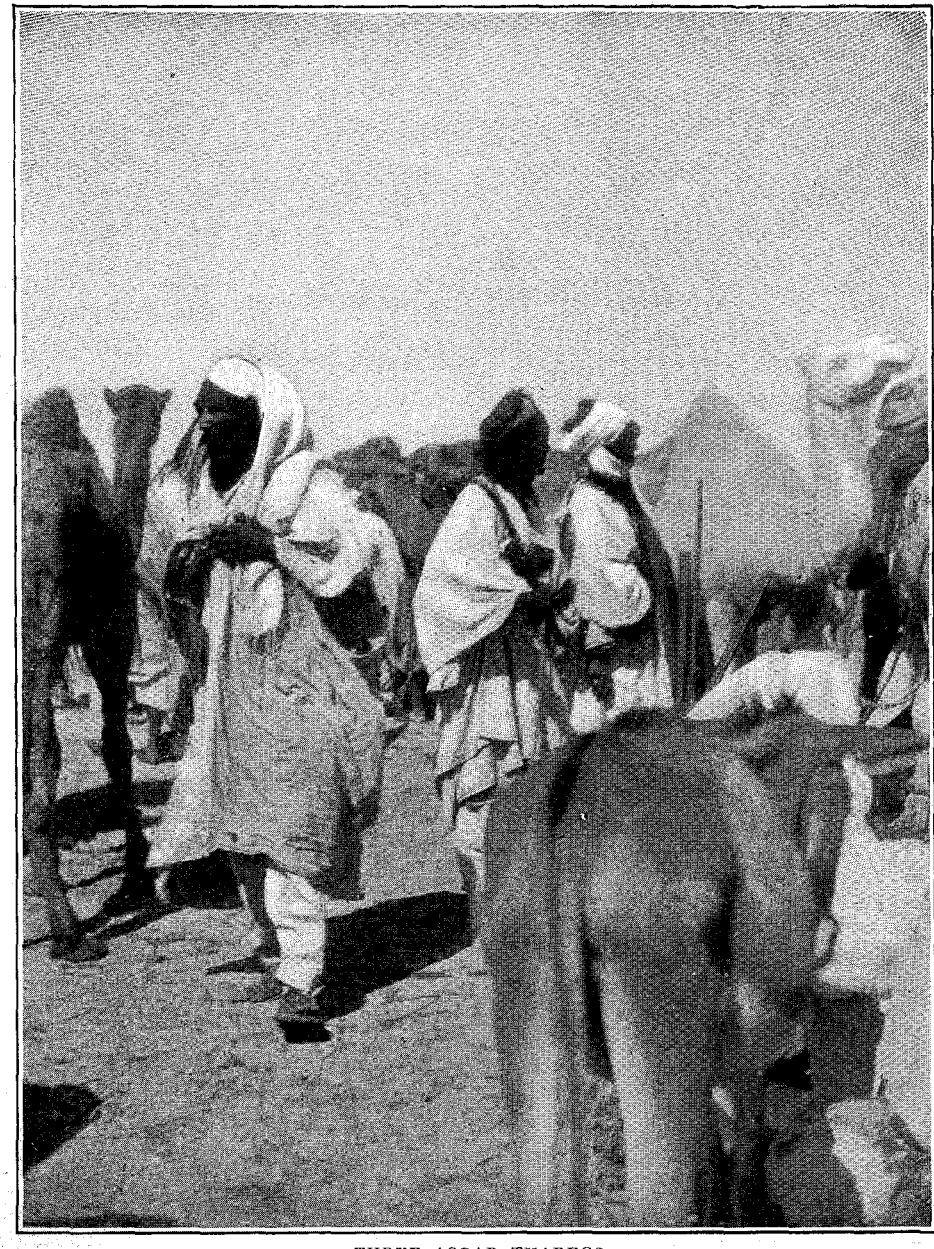

THREE ASGAR TUAREGS

"Quietly from the near side of a camel I took the picture"

distinctive European dress and glaring white sun helmet, it behooved me to be doubly cautious both for the success of my undertaking and my safety. But I made the most of the opportunity to study carefully their appearance and manner.

Both were men of tall stature, at least six feet, I should say. This was accentuated by their wiry, cat-like figures and the style of their head-dress: a mask in two pieces with broad flaps, one crossing the forehead, the other the lower part of the face, suspended from the bridge of the clean-cut aquiline nose or just below it. They adopt this covering, it is said, to lessen the evaporation in throat and nostrils, and rarely remove it even when

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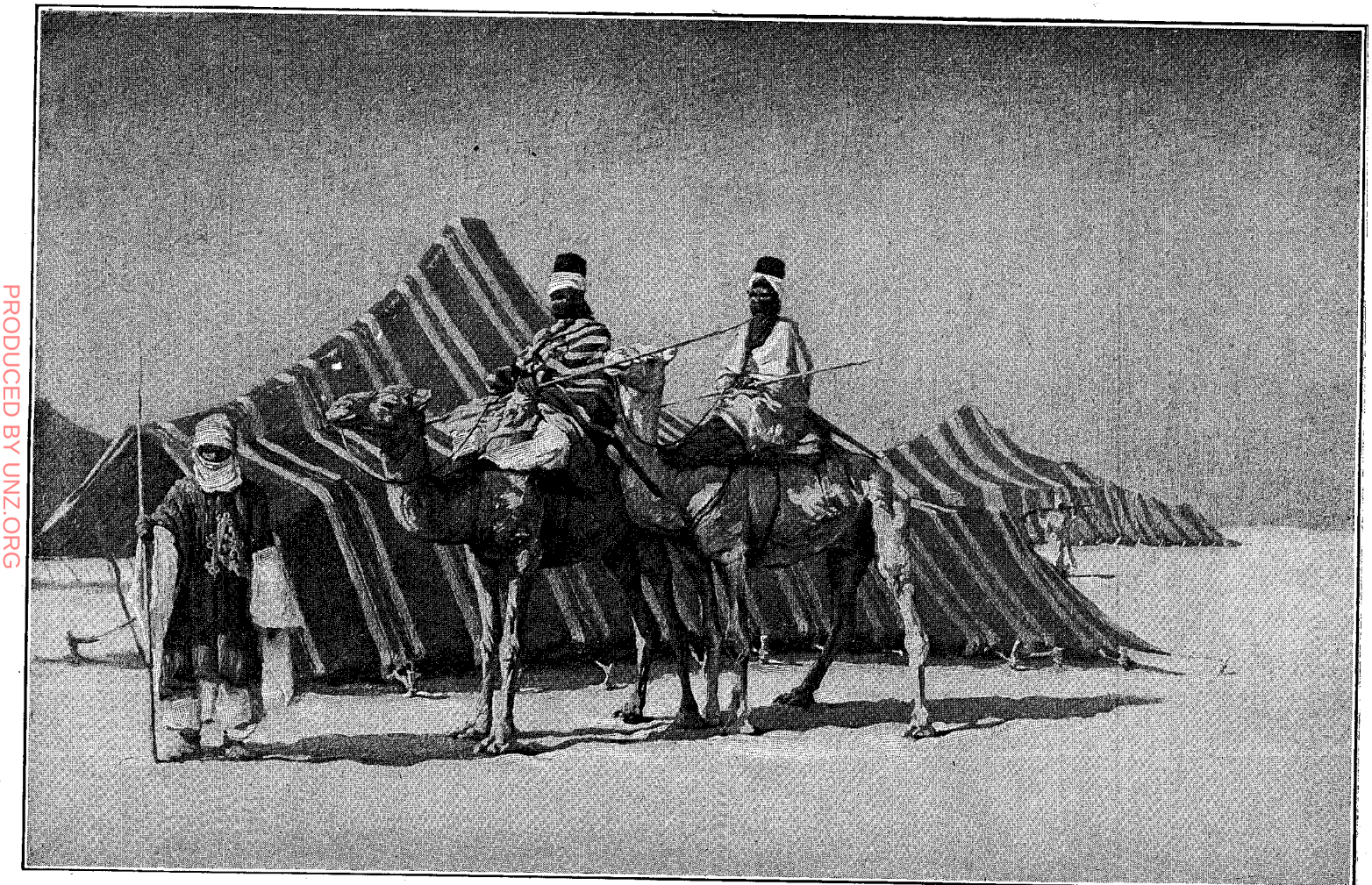

TUAREGS MOUNTED ON THEIR MEHARA

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eating or in the presence of their families. Over the mask was wrapped, turban-wise, a piece of white material, the crown of the head being left bare. From this aperture the *tadilmus*, a lock of black hair, projected skyward.

They walked with an easy, even-paced lope, swinging well from the hips, commencing the forward stride of one leg before the other heel had left the ground. Every motion of their supple, cat-like bodies gave a sense of muscles trained to perfection.

A glance showed them to be men inured to the most brutal hardship, in which the pitiless extremes of rain and sand-storm, heat and cold, hunger and thirst, and the fortunes of war were but common episodes in the day's work. The Arabs of Tripoli treated them with the greatest respect; not once were they jostled by the passing many. Yet these nomads, stoical as they were, seemed by their guarded glance not altogether at ease, thus removed from their desert trails. They viewed many things with simple curiosity, recalling an incident wherein a Tuareg was induced to enter a Frenchman's house in southern Tunisia. After examining and touching almost everything in the room, his interest centered on the bolt by which the window was fastened. This chanced to have a handle decoration of a man's head. Perceiving this, he turned quickly to the Frenchman and inquired with childish *naïveté*, "Is that your father?"

Such were these desert children who strode on ahead of me. Up one street, down another, past the Mosque of Dragut, the Mediterranean freebooter, then up my own street, the Arbar-Arsat. Here they were hailed by the one-eyed dealer in goods from the Sudan.

Twice I felt sure they had noticed me. It was now high noon, and the siesta time found us the only occupants of the sun-baked street. I was too near them to turn back, and as I neared the little booth where they stood they stopped their bartering for an instant to turn their shifty eyes upon me with a look which boded ill. That look informed me that my morning's work with them was at an end.

Late that afternoon I joined Riley and the rest at the Turkish gardens, and as we sat about one of the tables I recounted the morning's episode.

"Yes," he remarked, dryly, laconically emitting a wreath of cigarette smoke, "Salam told me that when marketing in the Suk-el-Turc this morning he noticed you following them. I sent him after you with some good advice, but you had gone. Why, man, you don't suppose for a moment that those beggars, who can trail a camel after a sand-storm has passed over his tracks and who can scent an enemy almost before he pokes his nose over the horizon, failed to detect you chasing after them in full sight—eh? They are Asgars, and, what's more, they're Senusi.

"Senusi? Why, that's the most powerful and fanatical sect in Islam. Three-quarters of a century ago this powerful fraternity was founded by a sheik of that name, having for his end the purifying of Moslemism and the extermination of the infidel. This place and Bengazi, down the coast, were at one time the centers of his field of operations; but now Wadai, in the central Sudan, is its headquarters. The Senusi, so far as I know, wear nothing by which they may be distinguished, as do many of the other Mohammedan sects, and every member is sworn to secrecy.

"Its influence is so powerful, yet so intangible, that it is a difficult influence for the invading Christian nations to deal with, as France has found to her cost. To the Senusi has been attributed the cause of some of the most violent uprisings and opposition against invasion of the French in the Sahara. Not only the Asgars but the Kelowi are strong adherents of this sect, particularly those residing in Air and Ghât. It is said that the plot against the Flatters expedition has been laid at their door.

"How did I know they were in town? Why, half of Tripoli knows it. Tuaregs enter a suk or town for one of three reasons—to trade, to buy camels, or to spy out information regarding an outgoing caravan. Generally they don't bring enough stuff to load down a month-old camel, and they certainly don't pay Tripoli prices for camels when they can lift them on the trail. So draw your

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conclusions, as the caravan men and merchants draw theirs. These Asgars will probably hang around the suk over market day or perhaps longer, keeping an eye on the number of camels purchased, and loaf around the rope shops and other places of caravan outfitters, picking up any stray bit of trade gossip which may drift their way. Of course they may be honest, but the chances are even. Don't repeat your game of this morning with Senusi Tuaregs," continued my friend, as we parted later at the Street of the Milksellers' market.

The following morning, before the sunlight on the neighboring minarets and housetops had changed from rose to gold, found me at the Arab shop in the Suk-el-Turc. There, in a dark corner on a pile of old silks, lay the long Tuareg *teleks* (daggers).

"Gadesh?" I inquired. The Tripoline named his price, and, after hesitating a little on principle, I took the coveted weapons back to my lokanda.

The dagger is the Tuareg's main weapon, and has two unique characteristics. Attached to its scabbard is a broad leather ring through which are passed the left hand and wrist; the knife lies flat against the inner side of the arm, its handle grasped by the hand, for the Tuareg evidently goes on the principle that "a knife in the hand is worth two in the belt."

Strangely paradoxical to all the symbolism which plays so important a part in the religion of the orthodox Mohammedan is the character of the telek handle, for it is in the form of the cross, the symbol of the hated Nazarenes. A number of theories have been advanced by way of explanation, but the most reasonable and substantiated seems to be that it is a relic of the time when this people were Christians, during the Roman era, before they were driven from their more northern habitations by the Arabs. The cross is also found in Tuareg ornaments and in the handle shapes of their two-edged war swords.

I would venture an opinion, however, that these weapons have no religious significance whatever to the Tuareg, but were patterned after the cross-hilted, double-edged swords of the invading Crusaders, for not only did they land on the heights of Carthage and other points along the North African coast, but for a number of years Tripoli itself was occupied by the Knights of St. John, who came in touch there with the nomadic desert tribes. They must have left many a graven crucifix of sword, shield, and rosary on the field of battle and as part of the loot of the Moslem soldiery when they were driven from Tripoli by Soliman the Magnificent.

The one-eyed Sudanese dealer had bearded these tiger-cats in their dens in the oasis, and had come back to town with a bow and quiver full of their steel-pointed arrows and two goat-skin pillows. The last were ornamented with black and red dye, and from their surfaces small strips and squares had been cut out, producing an attractive geometric design. These, half-filled with straw or grass, serve the Tuaregs as cushions when on camel back, or as pillows in their tents. The arrows were wonderfully balanced, having a delicate shaft of bamboo-like wood, and the vicious-looking barbed points were beautifully designed. It is said that the Tuaregs do not poison their arrows, but the one-eyed Sudanese handled them carefully, and cautioned me against pricking myself with the barbs.

Later in the morning found me in the suk, camera in hand. This time I risked the sun, and substituted for my pith helmet a straw hat, to draw less attention to myself. For an hour I meandered about, searching through the narrow channel-ways of the suk, banked with produce and handcraft articles of town and country.

I had almost despaired of again setting eyes on the Asgars, when, as I rounded the tent of a dealer in goat-skin water buckets, there were the Tuaregs—three of them—all squatting before the tattered tent of a black, eating ravenously of roasted fodder corn.

This time I would let *them* cross *my* path, and I waited unobserved under the shadow of the wall of the Halfa Suk.

Having gorged themselves, they crossed the market. I anticipated them first at one point, then at another. Either they turned aside before reaching me, their

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faces were in shadow, or some Arab exasperatingly blocked my view. Then they headed for the camel market, so I lit out by a circuitous route and arrived begrimed and perspiring at the farther end of a long lane of camels. Examining a camel here and there, they slowly worked their way toward me.

The third Tuareg was evidently a serf, for he wore a white *litham* (mask). He carried a long, gracefully shaped lance, which I would like to have bought, but an experience of trying to buy a hauberk from a Riffian in Morocco had taught me better than to attempt, as a Christian, to buy a weapon off-hand from men who live by the sword.

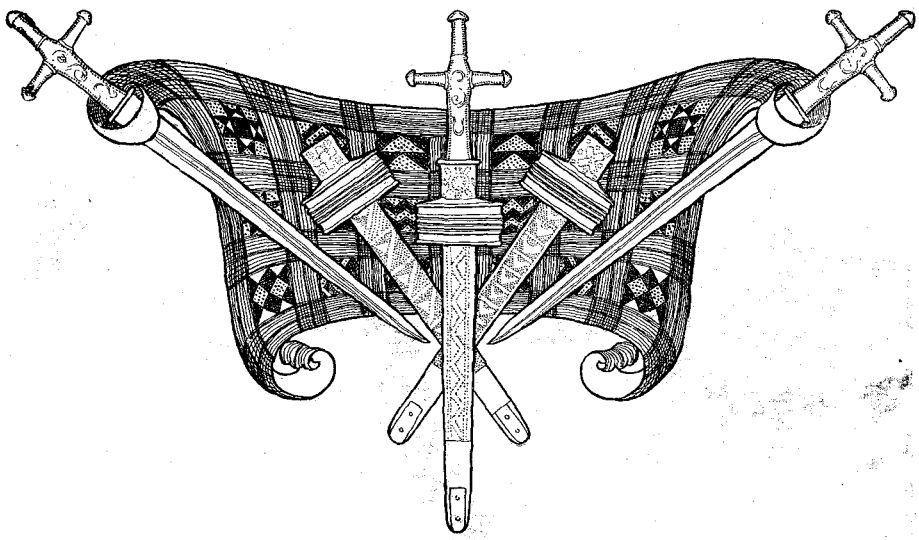
A few yards more and they would be near enough. The sun flooded full upon them, and their amulets containing their charms dangled and sparkled in its light. Two were intent upon a camel to the right, the other, as he came straight toward me, turned his head for an instant to the left. Stepping quietly from the near side of a camel, I took the picture, and I knew that "the white man's magic" had not failed me. Turning my head quickly, I directed my gaze thoughtfully afar off.

"Ugurra!" snarled one of the Tuaregs, and he menacingly flipped from his left arm the fold of his haik, revealing on his wrist, just below his dagger band, a heavy stone of jade or serpentine, an ornament, it is claimed, they use in fighting.

The other two turned instantly, and for a moment all the ferocity of their animal natures seemed to leap through their eyes. Their gaze shifted from mine to the mysterious black box beneath my arm.

"Ugurra!"

Then they turned and glided stealthily along their way out into the desert from whence they came.



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THE SINGER TOWER

As perfectly fireproof a building as was ever built; steel frame, tile fireproofing, brick and terra-cotta walls, inclosed stairs and elevators, wire-glazed windows, absence of wood finish, and the minimum of wood furniture. Incombustible and non-damageable

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BUILDING AGAINST FIRE

BY F. W. FITZPATRICK

Consulting Architect and Executive Officer of the International Society of Building Commissioners

SURELY there can be no gainsaying the assertion that the primary purpose of buildings is to afford shelter and protection to life and property. But to those who think, who are not too blind to see, there must be a grave question as to whether we have been and are fulfilling that purpose in the buildings we have erected and are erecting. It would also seem desirable that whatever we do in the way of construction should be of the most profitable, economical, and permanent nature. In these qualifications also are our buildings notably lacking.

As a nation there are a great many things that we do superlatively well, and our conceit is such that we believe that we literally lead the world in everything. Certainly we deal in colossal totals. Even when it comes to extravagance, ruthless waste, a cruel profligacy with our products or our wealth, we seem to take pride in figuring at the head of the list of nations.

Look at our fire waste, for instance. There we unquestionably lead the world, and by appalling odds. Quite apart from any incidental expenses—just the cost to us of smoke and ashes—we indulge in what is equivalent to a tax of about $2.30 per capita a year; in all of Europe combined the average similar tax is a trifle less than 33 cents per capita. Is this "superiority" something of which we have reason to be proud?

European countries would think themselves bankrupt did they ever show such a record as we made in the first month of the present year, for instance. Our total expenditure for new buildings and repairs throughout the land was a trifle over $16,000,000, and during the same period our losses by fire were over $24,000,000. How is that for production versus destruction? Boston has suffered comparatively little from fire in the last few years, yet fire has cost that city $3.61 per capita per annum. Compare that with the city of Dublin, Ireland, whose loss is a trifle less than 24 cents per capita.

The abundance of lumber and the rapidity with which it can be knocked into some semblance of a house were the prime causes that contributed most to the habit of shoddiness of construction into which we have gotten ourselves as a people. Our feverish haste to do things and the high tension at which we live were impelling factors in manipulating those causes. And there is no question that until comparatively recent years building of wood *was* an exceedingly cheap operation. But our forests have been devastated with the same ruthlessness that has prompted us to build shabbily, and lumber to-day is almost a luxury, so much so that even in the initial outlay a first-class fireproof structure will not cost much more than ten per cent over the expenditure necessary for the usual flimsy fire-trap.

The notion seems still to prevail that this flimsy, wooden construction *is* economical. In truth, of all our foolish extravagances this one is the greatest. Such a building, the average tinder-box, costs but little less to-day, initially, as we have seen, and can by no stretch of the imagination be called a permanent investment, and, considering the repairs necessary, the rapid deterioration and loss of value, and the heavy insurance premiums entailed, it costs ultimately, and within a very few years indeed, infinitely *more* than does a first-class fireproof building.

With these facts so apparent to the observing man and readily accessible to any investor, it passes the surprising point that we indulge so little in first-class methods of construction. We hear much about "fireproof" buildings going up all about us, and see some great sky-scrapers in process of erection, and we

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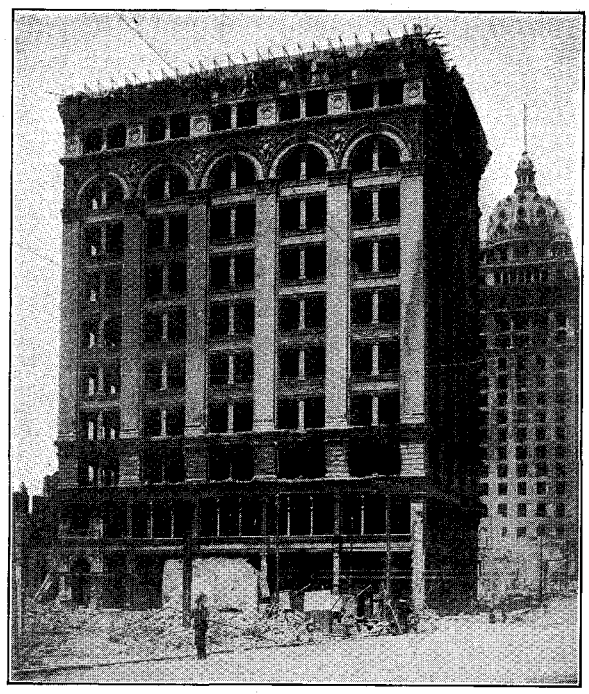

FIRE-DAMAGED SKY-SCRAPERS OF SAN FRANCISCO

are impressed with the idea that *that* is typical of what we are doing. But in reality our sky-scrapers and first-class buildings of any nature, domestic or other, are but a "drop in the bucket" of the general construction we are doing and have done.

Figure 1 of the diagrams on page 940 perhaps more graphically describes that point than I could do with words. A represents what we have in the country in the line of frame construction—houses, barns, factories, churches, etc., where only wood has been or is used. In the same proportion B represents the more essentially ordinary city building, that is, with the outer walls of brick or stone and a metal or tile or slate roof, but the joists and the interior framing entirely of wood, with unprotected windows, etc., etc.—the average building to which we are accustomed. In the same scale C represents the ratio of buildings we have erected in which some slight pretense is made at fire-prevention or resistance. The walls are of brick or stone, and the framing is either of very heavy timber, allegedly "slow-burning," or of unprotected steel, buildings in which a few provisions such as wire-glass windows, automatic sprinklers, etc., have been introduced. Then D represents the proportion of so-called "fireproof" buildings, our sky-scraper class, in which I concede it is difficult to have much of a local fire, but which in a conflagration can be damaged from thirty to ninety per cent of the cost value. Lastly, E represents what can truly be called our really fireproof buildings, structures that are neither combustible nor damageable to any appreciable degree in a conflagration. It might be well to add that the dot representing E in this diagram is as small as the pen can make, and hardly shows the right proportion. To be exact, that dot would be so infinitesimal that it would not be perceptible to the unaided eye!

The sum of all these buildings, that is, all the houses, churches, etc., now standing in the country, is about 11,600,000, representing a value something like $14,600,000,000. Now, of that total, D, or the sky-scraper class of building, in which we must also rank churches, homes, or any kind of premises that are moderately well built and called "fireproof," counts scarcely 8,000 structures. D actually shows a figure that is proportionately larger than it should be when we

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consider merely the number of buildings. It is qualified, and consequently assumes a greater ratio in the comparison, by reason of the generally costlier individual structures it represents, each one of the big office buildings, for instance, costing more than many hundreds of class A or even B.

In class E, buildings that are really absolutely fireproof, a mode of construction that is neither prohibitive in cost nor requiring extraordinary skill to execute, the class in which all buildings should have to be if our municipalities were truly mindful of the communal as well as individual interests, there are but six or seven examples in the entire country!

In consequence of this overwhelming preponderance of poor construction, our fires are naturally most numerous, serious, and devastating. Not alone are millions of dollars wiped out of existence every year, but 7,000 human lives destroyed is not an extraordinary record.

Until five or six years ago fires were looked upon as a sort of necessary evil. We paid little attention to them. We held up our hands in horror, momentarily, when some great conflagration cleaned out a whole section of a city, and we complained bitterly at our personal losses in any such conflagration or individual fire. But, as I say, nothing drastic was done in the way of prevention. Fire seemed as much a part of our lives as chicken-pox, the measles, and croup seemed to be good things to have and be rid of in early youth.

We sought to *cure* the evil by the application of water, and our fire departments grew most wonderfully. Then we insured our premises against fire, we gambled with the underwriters to our

RUINS OF A CLASS C BUILDING AFTER A FIRE

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FIGURE 2.

BUILDING, FIRE LOSSES, AND INSURANCE

See page 941 for comment

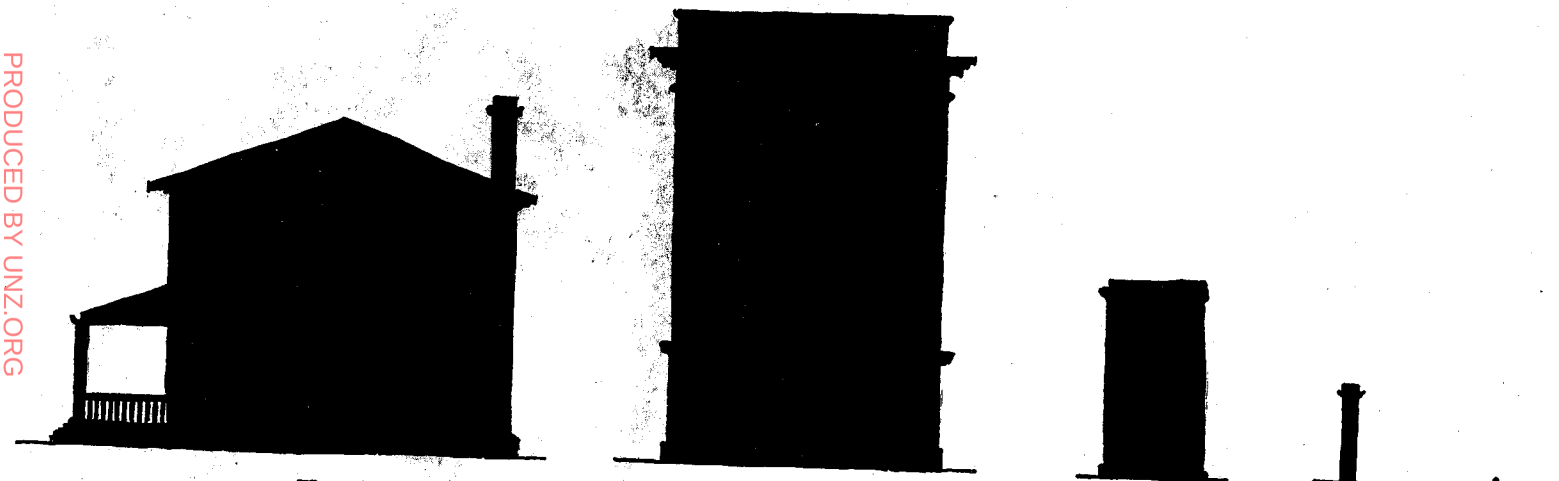

FIGURE 1

BUILDINGS FIREPROOF AND OTHERWISE IN THE UNITED STATES

See page 938 for comment

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heart's content and their great profit. Only very lately have our losses so grown, have great conflagrations become so common, that the more progressive among us see the futility of attempted *cure* and are turning their attention toward *prevention*.

Our doctors, municipalities, and States essayed for years in the old times to combat yellow fever and smallpox in certain districts. They sought to cure the diseases. They made great preparations about the time epidemics were due, got hospitals ready and attempted to isolate patients, inoculated them, and the Lord knows what not; science and good sense have demonstrated that *prevention* was possible; sanitary measures have been taken, cleanliness insisted upon, and to-day smallpox and yellow fever are comparatively unknown in our country. We are attempting to do the same with fire. We see the futility of merely essaying to put fires out by water or other means when they do occur, and have struck the more sensible notion of so building as to offer little or nothing upon which flames can prey.

No nation on earth builds as much as we do. But it is not altogether a case of wondrous growth. The proportion of mere replenishment of destroyed property, as it were, is infinitely greater than the average man wots of. Figure 2 strikes me as a fairly good illustration of that point. Let us imagine different packages of, we will say, ten-thousand-dollar bills, showing the various amounts involved in the several transactions of building and burning. The first pile represents the amount invested in new buildings during the year—in round numbers, $600,000,000. The next package of bills shows the value of the property destroyed in this country every year by fire—an average of $200,000,000. Then there is a pile, $300,000,000, representing the total of what fire-fighting costs us, the maintenance of fire departments, high-water pressure, and all that sort of thing. Then we have in the next pile, $195,000,000, the amount we pay out to insurance companies for alleged protection in the way of premiums, etc. The last pile, $95,000,000, is what is returned to us by the insurance companies in the shape of indemnifying losses (we pay them about $100,000,000 a year for profits and expenses, salaries, etc., for handling our money and giving us back the $95,000,000).

Now note that if we put the last on top of the first pile, a total of $695,000,000, we have virtually our profit side of the account; that is what we invest in new construction and what we get from the insurance people for our losses. Pile up the second, third, and fourth lots of bills, representing our losses, a clean outlay, and you have exactly the same total. In other words, in dollars and cents, our waste, we might call it, fully equals the value of what we are erecting in the way of new buildings and getting back from the insurance companies in paid indemnities!

By way of illustration of what little sense we have used and are using in building, just glance at Chicago, the home of the fireproof building, where there are more really good buildings per thousand than anywhere else in the country. In the congested area bounded by the South Branch, the Lake, Chicago River, and Harrison Street, called the "fireproof district," there are ninety blocks containing, big and little, 1,970 buildings. These buildings average seven stories in height and are approximately worth $240,000,000. In all that crowded area, where there are untold millions of dollars of property and cash, and where thousands of human beings are housed, there are but 112 "fireproof" buildings! That small percentage of reasonably good buildings is what makes us call that section "the fireproof section."

Even there, in those buildings, and in most of the great sky-scrapers of New York, is the term "fireproof" misapplied. (Witness the recent fire in the Parker Building, New York. It was of the best materials, but they were skimpily put together, and the very first principles of fireproof construction ignored in a foolish endeavor to save. They did effect an economy of some $4,000 by leaving much of the steel work unprotected by tile, and the elevators and stairways open, but the total loss that resulted is something like $2,000,000. Surely not a profitable economy.) The fireproofing generally consists

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A SUPPOSEDLY FIREPROOF BUILDING AFTER A CONFLAGRATION

in merely making the structural parts, the steel skeleton covered with its protecting tilework, immune to fire. Few other precautions are taken. True, the progress of a fire internally in such a building must needs be very slow, the structural parts affording neither material for combustion nor for transmitting fire from one portion to another. The tenants' property, however, can be totally destroyed, though the building in its decorations, etc., can be damaged but little, perhaps not over from 10 per cent to 20 per cent. But in a conflagration, buildings, skyscrapers of class D in Figure 1, can suffer from 30 per cent to 90 per cent loss. In fact, nothing but the walls and internal framing are of any material use in the rehabilitation of the building. The illustration on page 938 shows some of the havoc made externally by such conflagrations.

The picture on page 939 is a fairly good illustration of the ruin made by a conflagration in buildings of Class C, and that on this page portrays the behavior of certain kinds of construction popularly known as fireproof, and classified under D, when it is exposed to a severe test. The cost of repair, as may be imagined, is but little short of that of complete reconstruction.

The folly of resorting to anything known as partial fireproofing is demonstrated on page 943. An internal fire, unless extinguished in its incipiency, can

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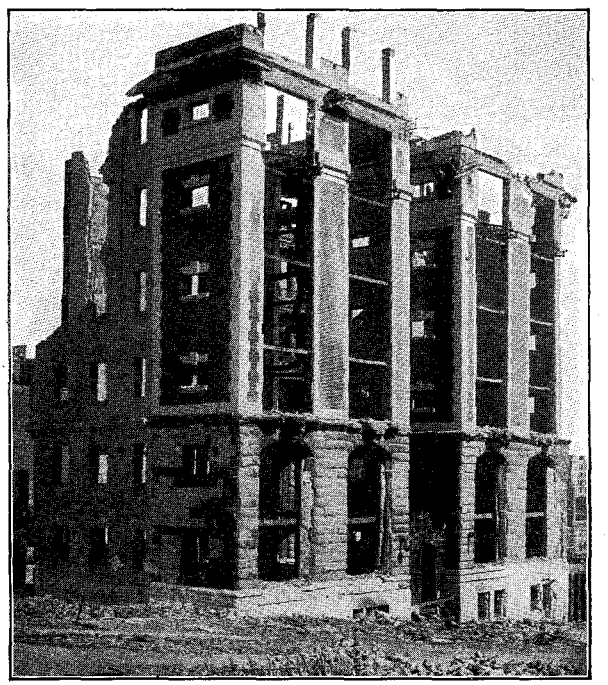
do almost as much damage as is here shown; a conflagration leaves a little of external walls and some metal for the scrap-heap. Twelve per cent salvage, including the value of the few bricks saved from the débris on the ground, is all that was gotten out of this building, that cost just as much as if it had been well built.

And it takes so little to make such a deal of difference in the perishability, so to speak, of a building. For instance, the big structures of San Francisco were fairly well built, but their architects, as everywhere else, stopped just a trifle too soon in their preventive measures. In nearly every case the windows were absolutely unprotected. Had they taken that one precaution, and used wire-glass in their windows, at least on narrow alleys and near inferior, combustible buildings, the salvage in those few tall buildings would have been at least $9,000,000 greater than it was, and that for an original expenditure of perhaps less than $60,000.

Little by little our municipalities and indeed our States are realizing what a plague this fire matter has become. And they also realize that man is so constituted that generally he will only do about as well as he is compelled to. Therefore are we enacting laws and building requirements looking more and more to the prevention of fire, the better construction of buildings; insurance companies are having it forced upon them that a tremendous volume of business and the indiscriminate taking of risks also frequently spell great losses and sometimes total extinction of capital, and are growing more discreet in accepting risks, are raising rates upon hazardous ones, and are using their very great influence to get people to build better; and, lastly, though quite tardily, the individual is having his eyes opened to the fact that poor building is not an economy. Buddensieks and "speculative builders," usually another name for "sharks," are the only ones who make profit in shabby building. Built ever so shoddily, if the paint but holds out till some poor unfortunate is beguiled into parting with his hard-earned shekels for a "most attractive and splendidly appointed" house, then is Mr. Speculator vastly ahead of the game, and his unhappy victim's troubles begin.

Even with the best of intentions, most



A BETTER-THAN-ORDINARY BUILDING AFTER A SEVERE FIRE

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of our people, and, I am sorry to say, very many of our architects, have a very imperfect, hazy notion of what does constitute fireproof construction. They will incorporate some one or more features that are highly desirable and are constituent parts of fireproofing, but they will forget or neglect some other one or more just as important, and the whole structure is vitiated, or at least its virtues quite materially impaired. Fireproof construction is like a chain; the whole, however strong may be many of its links, has for the ultimate measure of its strength only the weakest of its links.

And yet, if but a few of the basic principles of sound construction are remembered and put into practice, we would soon have vast sections of our cities absolutely indestructible; if we would spend but one-half of what is uselessly frittered away in carving and frivolous decoration, or in utterly inconsequential and oftentimes marring elaboration, upon real, substantial, fireproof construction and fire-preventive measures in our buildings, every one of the new ones could be made to merit the too often misapplied term "absolutely fireproof."

A Philadelphia paper has recently made the following comments:

The same spirit that inspires manufacturers to use deleterious drugs in foods prompts builders and owners to apply the term "fireproof" to that which is not. All sorts of delusions and snares in the way of buildings masquerade under that guise.

We have seen the flimsiest kind of frame structure, painted over with some patent concoction or other, used as a hotel and boldly advertised as a fireproof building!

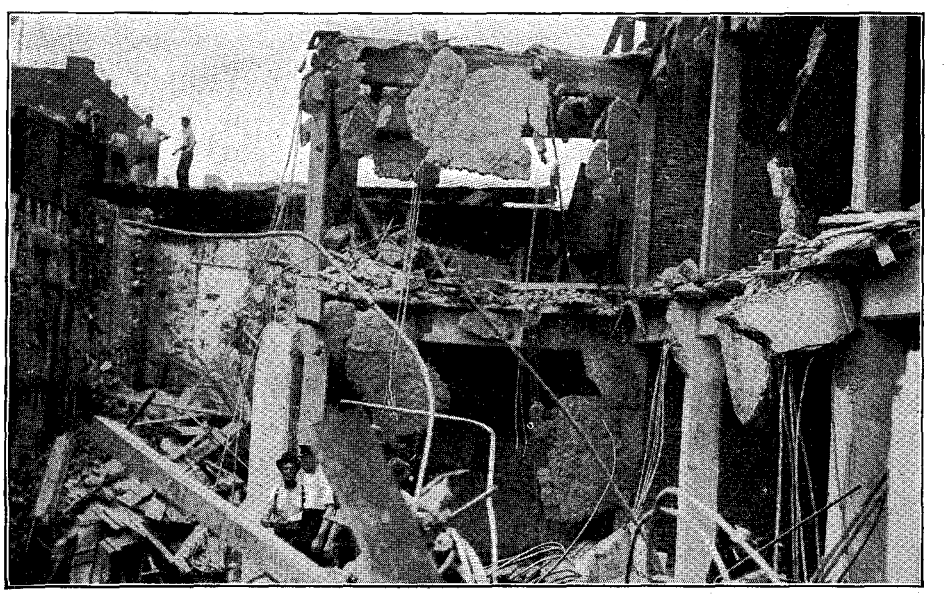
The misuse of the term fireproof is a greater crime against humanity than highway robbery or forgery, or many other heavily punished offenses against life or property.

The remedy lies with the State and with the municipality. As has so strenuously been advocated by the International Society of Building Commissioners, the authorities must exact a better order of construction, particularly in congested districts.

Our building codes already classify the different kinds of construction. Really fireproof buildings are generally under class "A;" then come buildings incombustible in themselves, but far from fireproof—class "B;" and on down the line.

It should be made a felony and punishable to the fullest limit of the law for any one to advertise or claim that his building, of an inferior class, belongs to a superior class. Indeed, the building departments should be called upon to label the existing buildings in their cities. We know of hundreds of such structures freely called fireproof, advertised as such and rented under those false pretenses, that are of second, third, fourth, and fifth class construction, and whose contents are not one bit safer than were those in the Parker Building.

Such a responsibility placed upon the city would make its officers exceedingly keen in



COLLAPSE OF A CONCRETE BUILDING WHILE UNDER CONSTRUCTION

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conservatively interpreting that term themselves.

The most important single quality or material necessary to build well is the not too common one of good common sense. It takes no great intuition or years of scholastic training to make one observant enough to notice that certain materials often used in buildings, and that are *incombustible* in themselves, are readily and seriously *damaged* by fire. Every one has seen cases where granite, marble, lime or sand stone, concrete, exposed ironwork and other metals, were badly damaged if not ruined by fire; therefore why use them in exposed places? Well-burned brick and terra-cotta suffer the least in fire, and for that reason ought to be most generally used externally. Fire, earthquake, or storm has little or no effect upon a sturdy steel frame, properly protected with good brick or fireproofing tile well applied. It is the standard construction of the country, so why not use it until something better is discovered? Some of our engineers have become great advocates of reinforced concrete construction. Let them use it if they wish; but the frequent and fatal collapses of those buildings, even while under way, should make us exceedingly careful as to the quality of materials and labor employed upon that theoretically fascinating but extremely hazardous mode of construction. The most ardent advocates of reinforced concrete, however, admit now that it is very vulnerable to fire; therefore should every particle of it be as carefully protected from direct attack as is the metal-work of our steel-framed buildings.

Windows and doors should be protected with metal or other incombustible frames and sash and wire-glass. Even upon wide streets the upper windows of a tall building are not beyond attack, and it is false economy indeed to take chances by leaving *any* window unprotected. This window matter deserves the very greatest care, for remember that forty-four per cent of all the fire losses are directly attributable to the lack of proper window protection. Fire originates in one building but cannot be confined there, and its travels are made easy via the window route to every building in the neighborhood. Eighty per cent of all the damage done in buildings in which fire did not have its origin is the fault of insufficient window protection. In a conflagration like San Francisco's the window route is chargeable with nearly one hundred per cent of the damage.

Stair and elevator wells should be inclosed and with self-closing doors at every landing. This precaution makes virtually a separate building of every story. The isolation of units is the great principle of real fireproofing. Not only should the stories be so divided, but the smaller the spaces confined by fire-walls on each story the better, and the easier it is to control the fire in the contents of any one of those small units of space.

Common sense directs us to make the structural parts so that they cannot be affected by fire nor communicate it from one portion of a building to another. Let us treat our interior finish and decoration in the same manner. The use of woods is most dangerous. Keep combustible decorations down to the very minimum. If marble and metal are too expensive, then resort to plastic decorations and color on plain surfaces. There is no limit to what a skillful decorator can do with the brush. Then, last but not least, be careful with the interior fittings and furnishings. There is no particular beauty and certainly no use in a mass of gauzy and highly inflammable draperies and covers and great wooden desks and filing cases and all that sort of thing. There is hardly a piece of furniture to-day that is not made, and at no great cost, of metal or other incombustible material, infinitely better, safer, and cleaner than wood.

Construct a building along those lines, conforming to those elementary principles, and you have one in which fire internally can but damage the contents of some one unit of space, and which will protect not only itself but its occupants and their property even in a great conflagration—a building that is its own insurance, a permanent investment and one costing actually less money than the so-called cheap fire-trap of yesterday, an advantage to any city and a source of profit and satisfaction.

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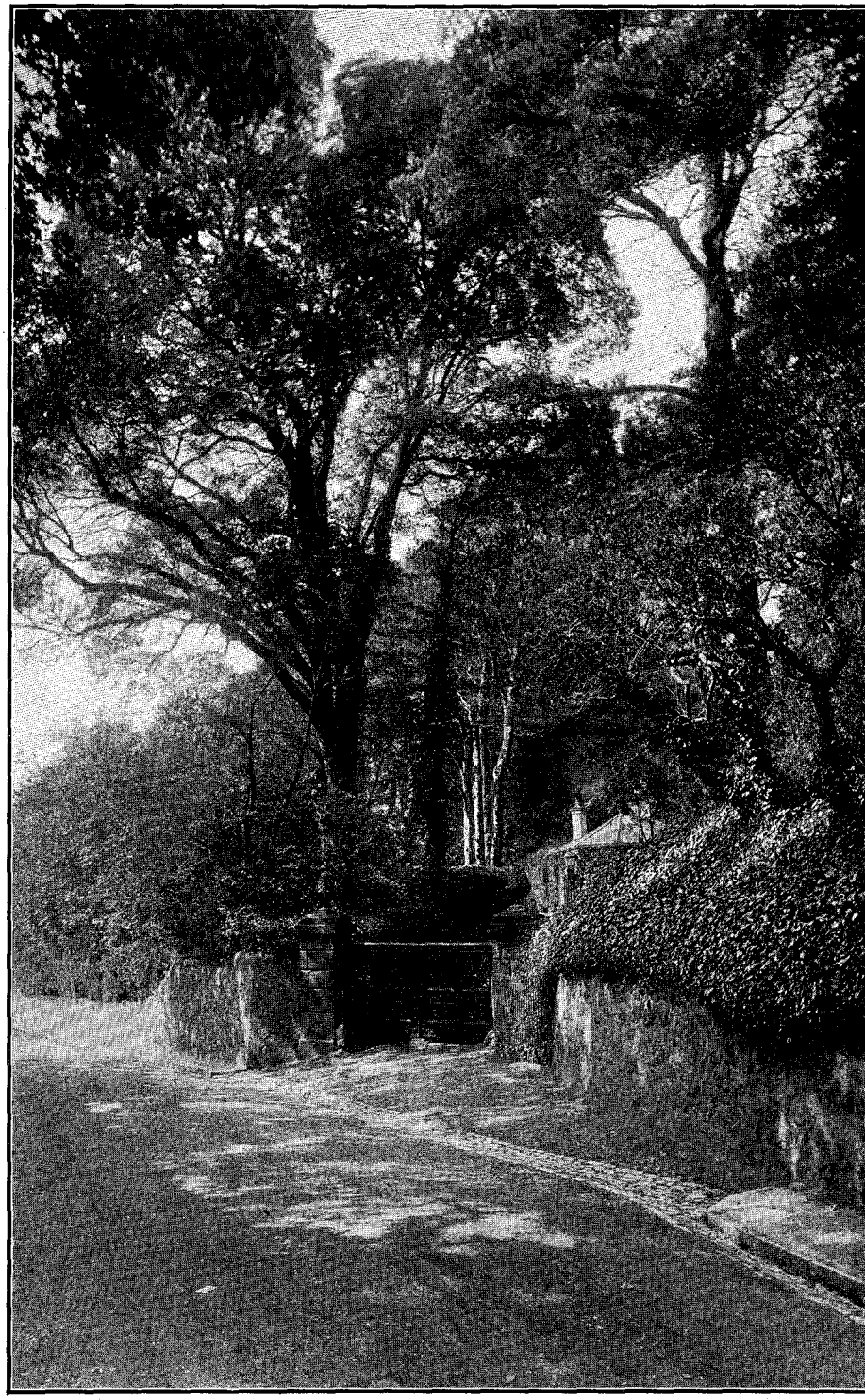

AN EMBOWERED GATEWAY

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THE HIDDEN VILLAGE

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

MOST villages invite the eye by spread of lawn, or the beauty of gardens in bloom, or the lines of houses touched and humanized by suggestions of comfort and shelter; this village hides itself behind immense hedges and sweeping masses of foliage. Save for the presence of two or three unobtrusive shops at the foot of the hill, you walk through it without consciousness that you are surrounded by stately or beautiful homes. It has a name on the map and Baedeker devotes a paragraph to it, but if you were a hasty or careless traveler you would pass it by. It lies on the hillside, under the shadow of a line of cliffs that rise precipitous and impressive above it, the white chalk here and there breaking through the green of trailing vines; and over the cliffs rise the downs, upon the steep turf of which sheep are always browsing. There are sections of England of which sheep seem to be an integral part; features of the landscape as essential as the low-branched trees and the rolling green. They come together or scatter along the upper heights, and the soft grays or reddish-browns they wear are so distinctly in the tone of their background, so definitely placed in the scheme of color, that one thinks of them as belonging to the downs as the trees and hedges belong to the lower ranges of country.

A road runs along the top of the cliffs, and as one looks down into the billowy sea of foliage the village defines itself softly and unobtrusively; it has been there so long that if nature was ever conscious of anything foreign in wall and house she has long ago crossed the breach and taken the invaders into fellowship. It is more than twelve hundred years since a saint of very pleasant name came this way and built a tiny church, now green with vines below and so crimson with vines above that one refuses to believe that it did not grow out of the soil in the incredible wealth of foliage which surrounds and rises, in great trees, "cloud on cloud," behind it. It is a tiny church, rebuilt in parts, but so long ago that it all seems of one age. Saxon in foundation, Norman in arch, English in window, it is a visible epitome of the history of the little community.

Here, since the time of Alfred, whose greatness was rooted in goodness, the sailors and fishers have come up the hill from the beach and said their simple prayers; here, after the beautiful old English habit, the dead sleep about the church, and on Sunday mornings the children walk among the graves in a touching parable of immortality; the church militant environed by the church victorious, the dead kept in daily remembrance by sweet daily human association. The little churchyard lies in the very lap of nature, and has been cherished into a touching and tender loveliness of ripe age; the paths between the graves are sweet with immemorial turf, so that the living are as quiet as the dead in the sacred place. There are no new memorials of staring marble making the place cold with rigid symbols of greatness departed or of the affection that stays behind to cherish it. The stones are gray with age, and time has erased the names of those that sleep below; in the general beneficence which enfolds the place there is no need of individual remembrance; they that sleep are all enfolded by a great blessedness of peace. Centuries ago they went out of the tumult and storm and are at rest in this sweet haven, where the harshest winds are tempered and the roar of the sea is softened into a long, low music. Here, among the latest comers, lies one whose spirit, sixty years ago, shining already like a great light, burned out the fragile vessel in which it was held, and in the morning of a glorious day blended with the light beyond the stars. In the divine democracy of death they lie together, fishermen and peer, poet and sailor, and time silently undoes the labor which strives to keep them apart.

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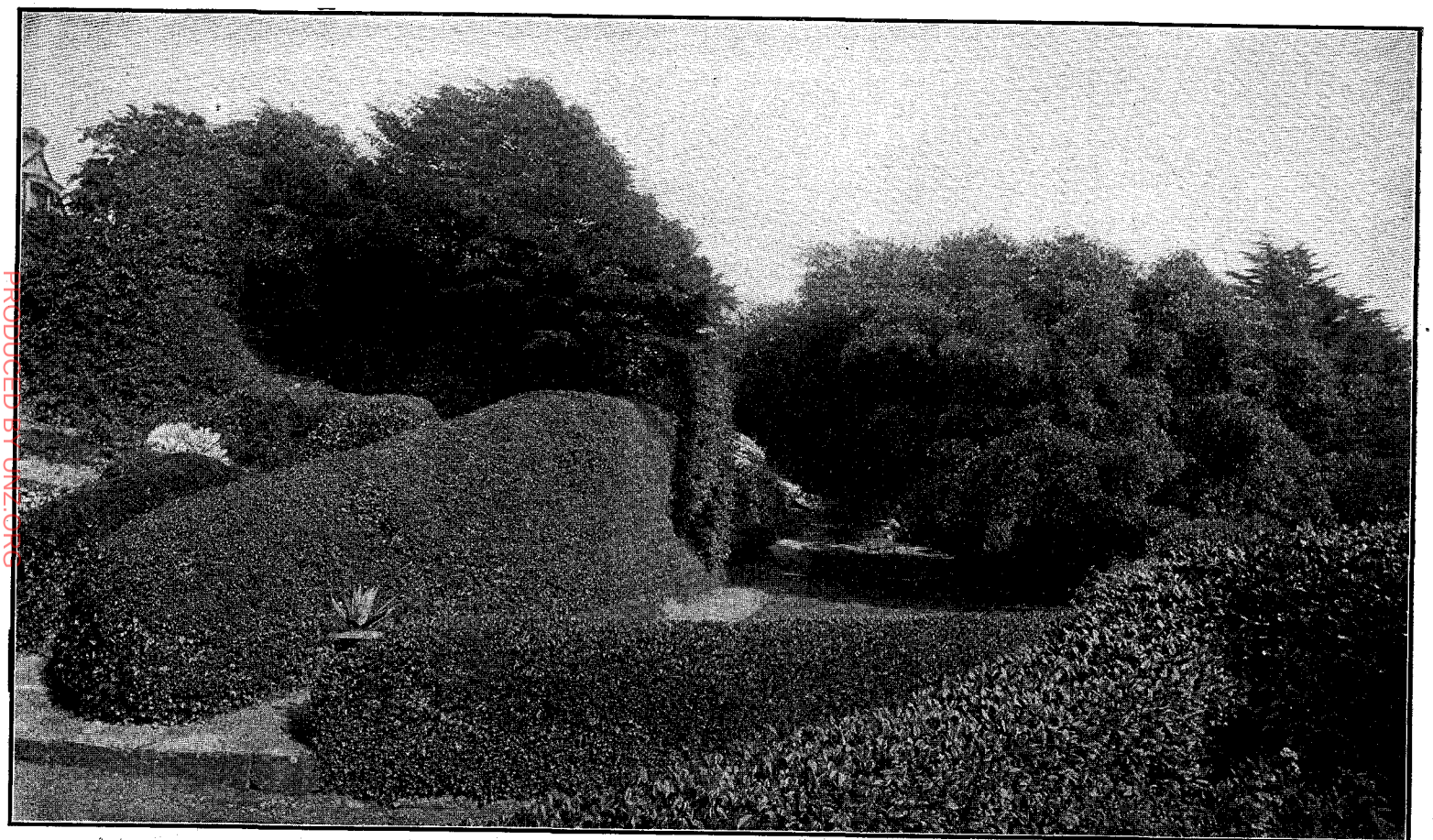

A HILLSIDE GARDEN

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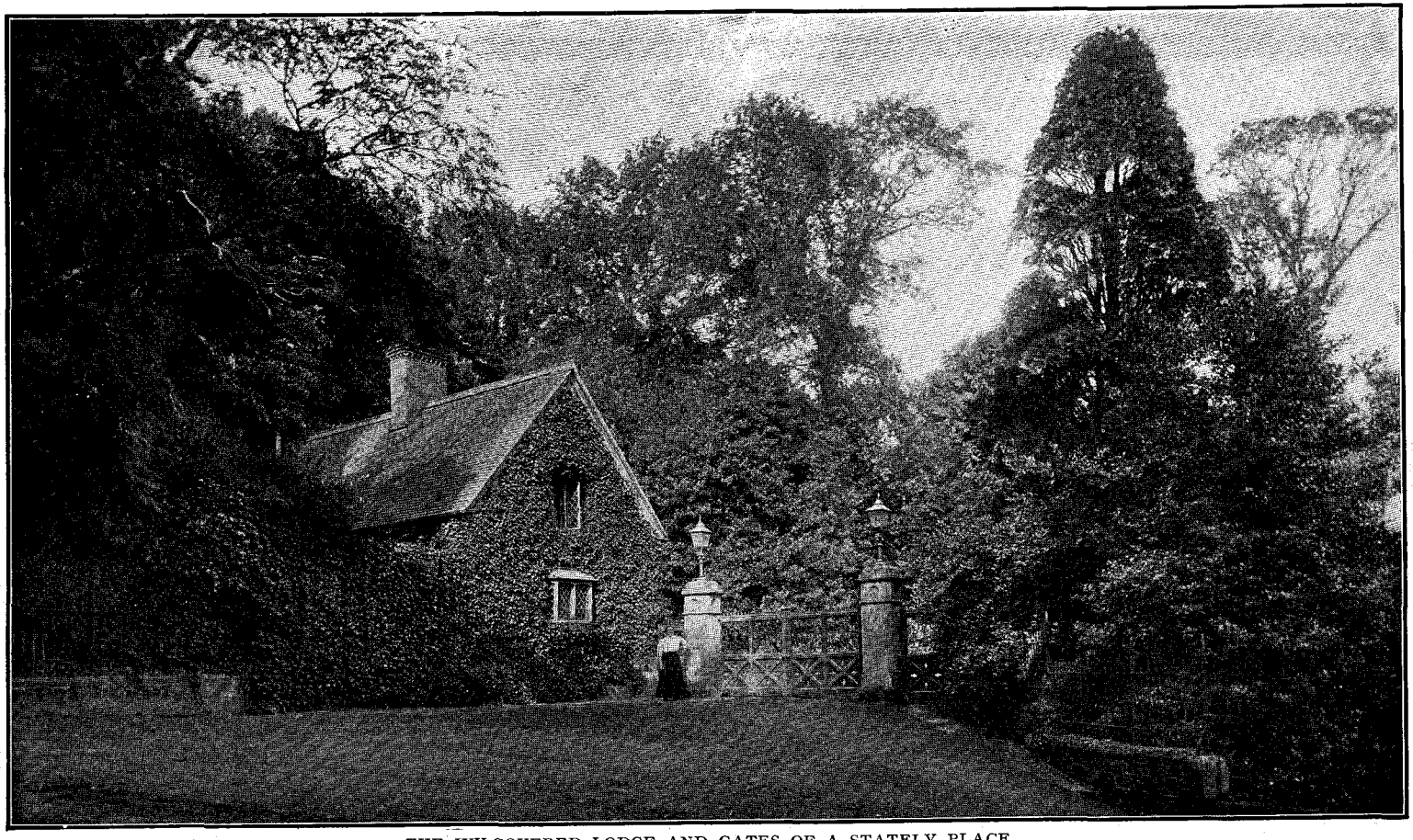

THE IVY-COVERED LODGE AND GATES OF A STATELY PLACE

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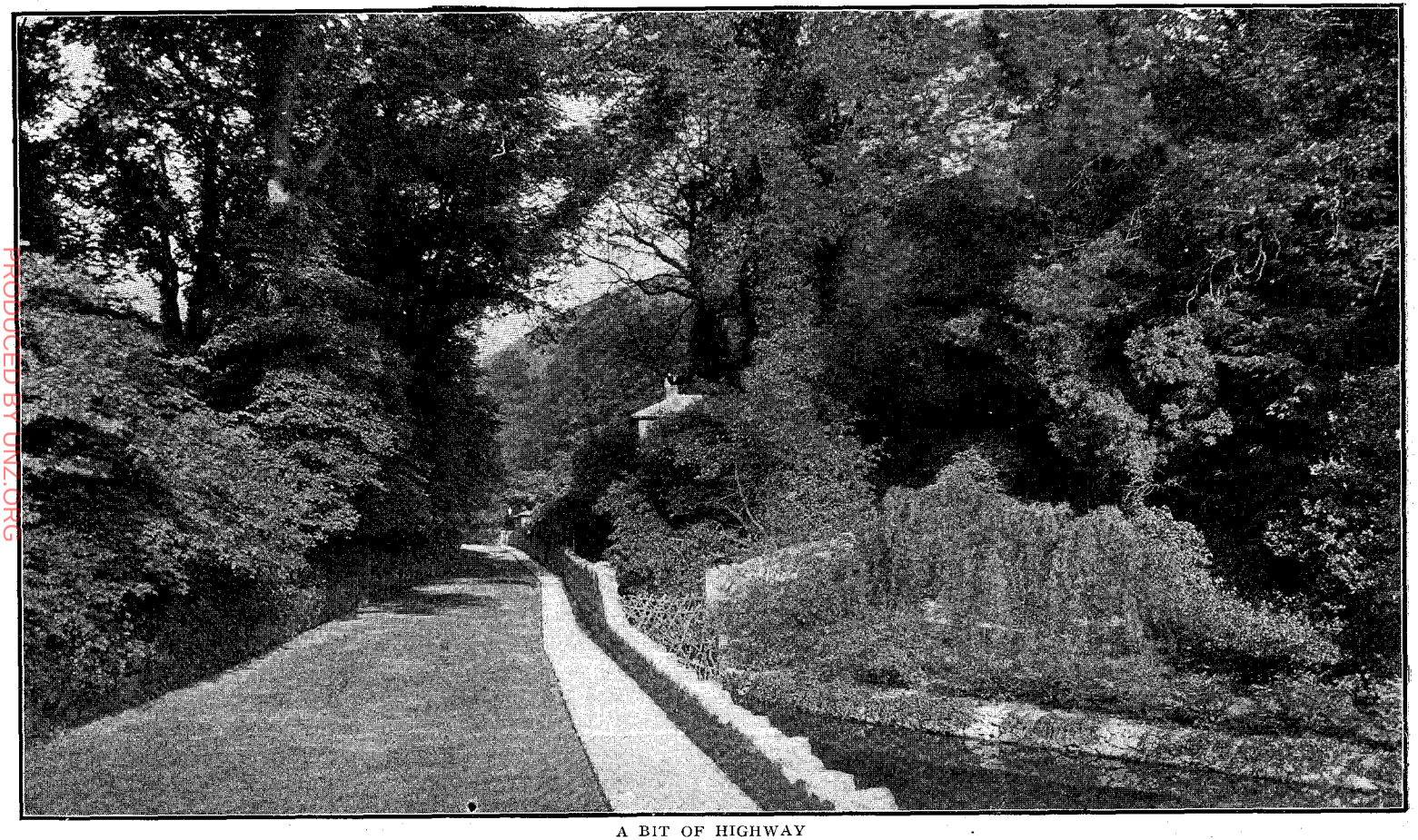

A BIT OF HIGHWAY

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Across the narrow lane, whose walls are hidden in the universal overflow of life, are the ivy-covered lodge and gates of a stately place where one of the most affluent and melodious of modern singers was born. On that lovely lawn he learned some of those mysteries of sea, of air, and of light which have given his verse at its best wings of music and a haunting sense of elemental beauty. When one recalls what magnificent hymns he has chanted to the France of the Revolution, it seems strange to see the figures of nuns walking slowly to and fro in the beautiful refuge they have sought from the turmoil across the Channel.

The lane runs into a road only a little wider, and as green and private in its suggestions as the quietest path across the fields. It turns and climbs the hill under a great rock, softened out of all hardness by overhanging tendrils. A gate opens and one stands before another and larger church, fifty years old; the successor of the venerable little minster below the hill. A greener and sweeter place even England, the garden of the world, cannot show. It lies under the side hill embosomed in foliage; the hillside rises a hundred feet above it, a solid mass of green, a soft, rich curtain flung over the huge mass of rock. A path winds through dim places to the top between passages hewn in the rock, with many a gentle curve where one stops to breathe the quietness and sweetness. The walk to service on a still Sunday morning is like an overture in the key of a noble oratorio which is to follow. Here, too, close to the walls and at a distance, in sweet, sunny, or shady places, sleep those who have gone another stage in the journey. No hint of desolation is here, no dread of the awful specter which mediæval thought made of the Angel of Death, no sense of irreparable loss and shattered lives, are here, but infinite peace stealing out of ancient loveliness, the fullness of illimitable life, the hush of expectation, of quiet waiting for some consummation hidden like a seed in these dear and familiar places where the living pass to and fro and linger for talk on summer days. A path winds from the east end of the church down a little slope between banks of ivy to an ivy-covered wall; in the very heart of this dense mass of green there is a closed door which seems like the Gate of Death; beyond are the deep shadows of overhanging trees, and at the far end there is a ray of clear sunshine: "They are all gone into a world of light." They are fortunate who sleep in Westminster Abbey, because they were the servants of the nation and must wear the unavailing honors which it piles upon its dead; but blessed are they who find their rest in the sweet English burying-grounds about the old churches and within sound of bell and choir.

So pleasant are these places where the dead lie that they seem part of that rich history which is the background of modern England; the past everywhere penetrating the present and everywhere preserved by it. This sense of history issues from the very soil, not only in fullness of associations, but in ripeness and abundance of life. The village is hidden, not only because Englishmen love privacy, but because nature has joyfully worked with men for a thousand years to soften all harsh outlines, cover all ugliness, and touch the hardest material with tender, shaping fingers.

Above, on a road that curves to the west, there are gardens full of old-world peace. The wall of cliff rises behind them, softly green with swinging vines and clinging creepers. From the broad stretch of lawn within one sees no sign of human habitation save a solitary spire in the distance; flowers make a rich setting for the deep English turf; flowers that bloom the year through in a riot of color; old-fashioned flowers that have bloomed in English gardens almost from time immemorial, and grown so friendly and companionable that they seem to ask nothing but a chance to give their beauty and fragrance without cost of thought or labor. A charming Englishwoman, standing in a garden that rose breast-high about her, one unbroken mass of rich color, was asked what she did to make it so beautiful. "I do nothing except pull things up," was the answer. The century-old soil had become a teeming mother of numberless flowers. In these gardens about the houses in the hidden

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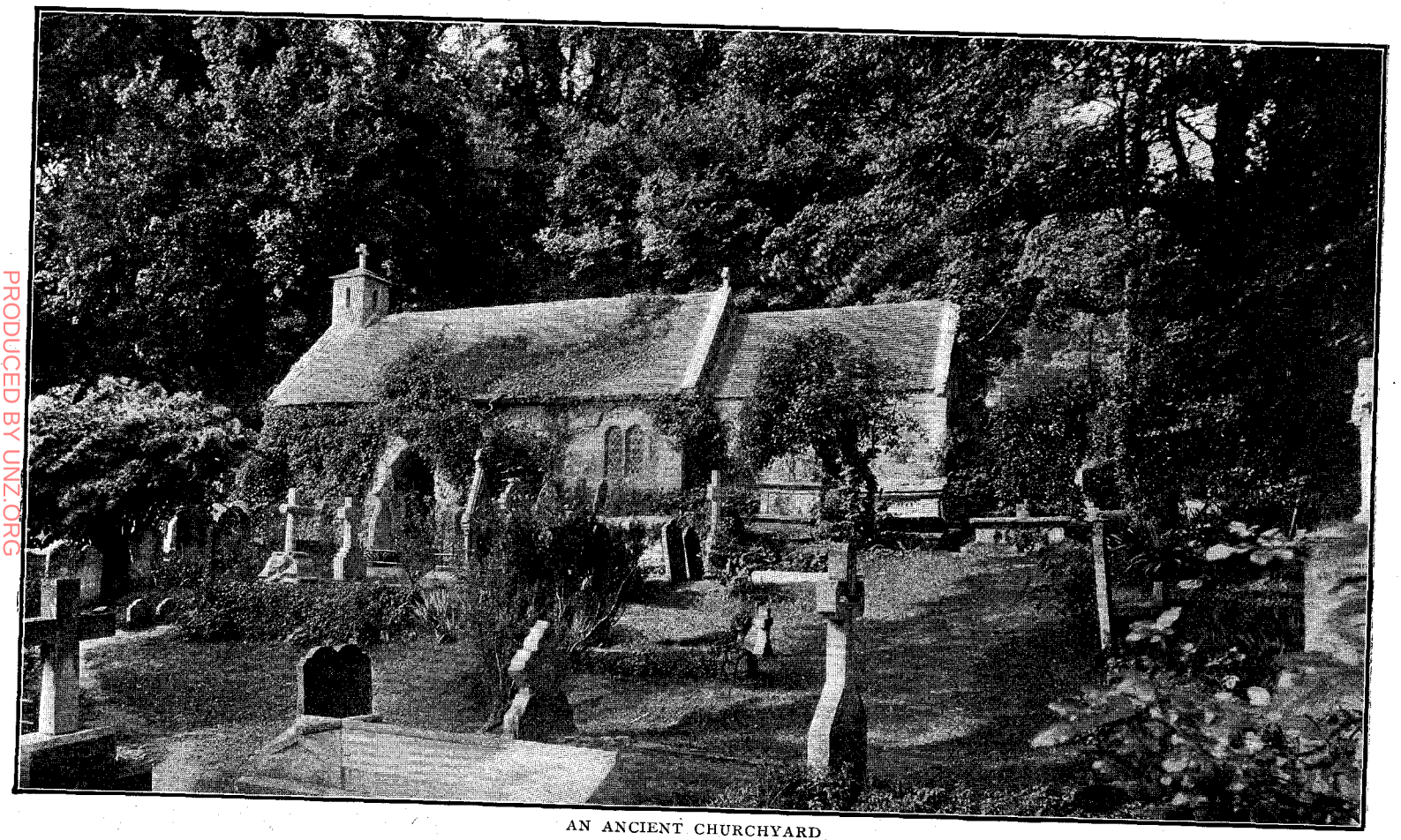

AN ANCIENT CHURCHYARD

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village the stretch of lawn is brilliantly framed with color; at the back the wall of green rises precipitous; and everywhere there is the sense of waving branches and recesses where shadows hide beneath the trees. From the lawn one looks down on the blue waters of the Channel, lulled into a summer sleep. In these quiet places "silence and slow time" have done their perfect work; peace broods like an atmosphere, rises like an exhalation, and the American goes out of the infinite repose with joy in his heart that there are refuges in the world where growth is so quiet and unconscious that no sense of effort troubles the air.

There is another kind of enchantment in the woods which lie at a little distance from the hidden village but are part of its life; woods where Merlin might have waited, deep in meditation, for the coming of Vivian, symbol and image of the light that flits elusive, baffling, and gay into dim places and gives them a magical radiance. The charm of these woods lies in the flowing together of the foliage so that the vine cannot be distinguished from the tree and the ground; and trunk and foliage are unbroken parts of a single growth. The ivy spreads like a garment over the ground, obscuring all outlines and blending all diverse shapes into one soft symmetry; it twines about the trees and so hides the bark that the trunks are as green as the tops. The very air seems to be tinged with a hue which the light softens as it flows out of the fountain of life beneath the ivy. One comes upon these mysterious places where legends are born and poems are to be had for the taking, not harshly or abruptly, but often by gradual descent out of a road running in high light between the hedges, through lanes over which the trees arch in unbroken shade. Through these green aisles the coach-horn sounds like an elfin horn in fairy-land, sending musical echoes into all manner of secret places.

It is idle to try to describe in words a village which hides itself behind great hedges of hawthorn and privet, puts between itself and the world a great curtain of ivy, clematis, woodbine, creeping geranium, climbing roses, holly, laurel, banks of overhanging fuchsias; a mass of green of many kinds and names flung lavishly over every rock and bit of wall so that the hand of man is as completely hidden as his home. This is the marvel of it all to one who comes from the high light and dry air of a new continent—this fathomless richness of foliage and color. Looking down on the hidden village, one recalls the legend of the city sunk in the sea off the shores of Brittany. Climate works much of the magic which has put the village in this sea of green without checking its activity or laying the spell of sleep upon it. Age has done much. There is a ripeness which comes only when time has lingered long in the quiet of forgotten summers, and generations have taken thought of beauty as the heritage of the spirit, the dear and comforting companion of man when he looks out of his windows as he rises to his work, and when he shuts out the fragrance and mystery of the night on soft grass and bending flowers and trees whispering together as he goes to his rest.

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THE ROMANCE OF AMERICAN EXPANSION

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

FOURTH PAPER

SAM HOUSTON AND THE ANNEXATION OF TEXAS

WITH the story of the annexation of Texas an entirely new period is reached in the history of the territorial growth of the United States. Inevitability is still the dominant characteristic of the expansion movement; but now it is conditioned, and most powerfully, by an element that had little or no influence in the earlier acquisitions. This was the element of sectionalism, born of the institution of slavery. Prior to the treaty of 1819, by which Florida became a part of the United States, the urgent necessity of combined action against external dangers had prevented any clear appreciation of the inherent conflict of interests between the slaveholding and the non-slaveholding States. But with the removal of outside pressure came prompt recognition of the internal issue raised by the presence of slavery; and thereafter, from the moment of the so-called Missouri Compromise of 1820 to the historic secession forty years later, the drift into sectionalism was steadily accentuated. In the intervening period three territorial acquisitions of great magnitude were made, each of which was intimately connected, though in different ways, with the growing determination of one section of the country to restrict slavery, and of the other to extend it.

In the case of Texas, the first of these acquisitions, sectionalism operated both to promote and to delay what is now universally accounted a most desirable addition to the Union. The American colonization of Texas would have been less rapid had not the Missouri Compromise, with its clause forbidding the creation of new slave States in the Louisiana Purchase territory north of the southern boundary of Missouri, forced the slaveholders of the South to thoughts of expansion. And, on the other hand, the annexation of Texas would have been accomplished far sooner had not its championship by the friends of slavery aroused the foes of slavery to lively opposition. This is not saying that its accomplishment must be considered a triumph for sectionalism over nationalism. Long before the interjection of the slavery issue into the annexation movement, there was ample evidence of a National desire for the possession of Texas. Repeated attempts were made to secure it, first, on the ground that it was really a part, not of Spanish Mexico, but of French Louisiana, and hence that title had passed to the United States with the Louisiana Purchase; and afterwards, this claim being relinquished in the Florida treaty, by offers from the Government to purchase it from Mexico.

There can be no doubt, either, that, once Mexico departed from the traditional Spanish policy of hostility to alien colonization and admitted American settlers within the confines of Texas, her hold of that province was doomed. She had had warning enough to avoid this suicidal step. Ever since the Mississippi Valley folk, in the closing years of the eighteenth century, had learned of the riches and fertility, the splendid

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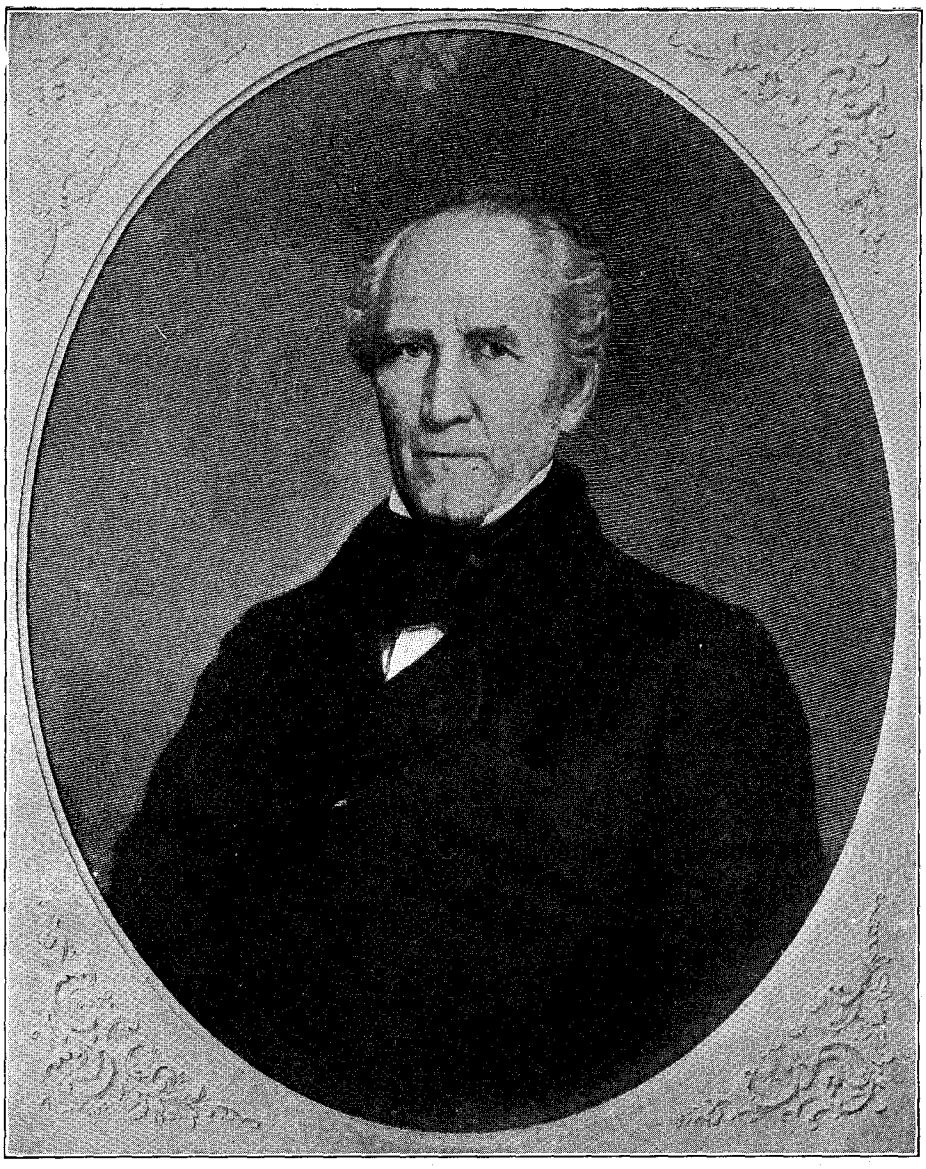

SAMUEL HOUSTON

From a portrait painted by F. B. Carpenter in 1855, and now owned by Clarence W. Bowen, of New York

skies and noble streams, of the prairie plains that stretched from the Sabine to the Rio Grande, there had come into Texas a succession of adventurers spying out the land and striving to snatch it from the feeble grasp of Spain. One and all of these adventurers, from Philip Nolan in 1800 to James Long in 1819, had failed in their attempts; but only because they had taken absurdly inadequate means to the end in view. Any really effective force would have made short work of the Spanish troops scattered through the widely separated presidios. Nevertheless, ignorant or heedless of the true significance of these filibustering expeditions, the Mexicans, as soon as they had themselves mastered their Spanish rulers and established an independent, if extraordinarily turbulent, republic, threw open the gates that had so long been shut and invited whomsoever would to enter and settle in Texas.

Credit for bringing about this change

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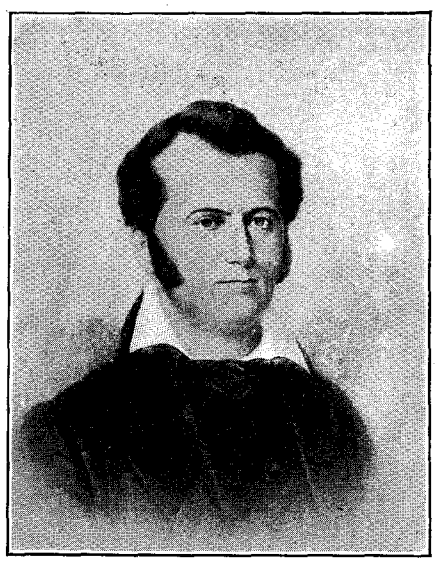
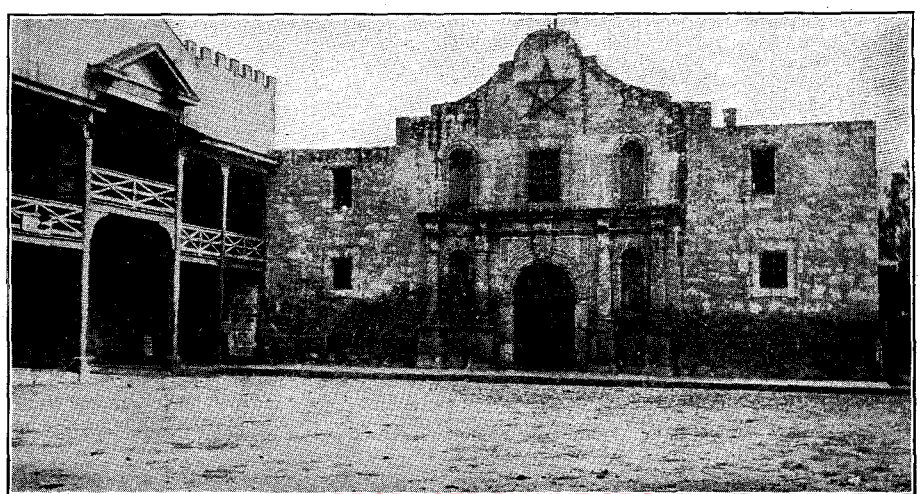
in policy belongs in chief measure to the Connecticut Yankee, Moses Austin, and his son Stephen. It was the father who, in the year of the Florida treaty, conceived the idea of persuading the then moribund Spanish Government to grant him a tract of land for the establishment of a colony; and it was the son's distinction to obtain from the Mexican Government a confirmation of the Spanish grant and to plant the first American settlement in Texas. There is nothing to show that either of the Austins or their colonists were inspired by the sinister motives some would attribute to them. On the contrary, there is every reason to believe that they were simply frontiersmen desirous of bettering their condition and persuaded that they would have an excellent chance to do this in a land that boasted more than two hundred and fifty thousand square miles of verdant farming country and a white population of only four thousand. Into Texas, therefore, they went, and fast on their heels followed others, attracted by a succession of liberal colonization laws which exempted settlers from all taxes and customs duties for a long term of years. Thus it resulted that within less than a decade after the arrival of Austin's first contingent of immigrants the four thousand whites had risen to twenty thousand, of whom the vast majority were Americans. Unquestionably, Mexico might well hope to attain her aim of populating and developing her unoccupied territories.



COLONEL JAMES BOWIE
The inventor of the Bowie knife, and one of the leaders in the hopeless defense of the Alamo
From a portrait in the possession of the Texas Historical Society

But it was not so certain that she was pursuing a policy entirely to her advantage. In fact, she soon began to suspect, though at first dimly, that a mistake had been made in permitting the growth within her borders of a community alien from her in blood, institutions, and points of view. Complete realization of the danger to which she had exposed herself



THE ALAMO

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was forced upon her by the obvious eagerness of the American Government to add Texas to the already colossal dominions of the United States. At the time of the execution of the Florida treaty no one, except possibly Henry Clay and Thomas Hart Benton, had been more opposed than John Quincy Adams to the concession accepting the Sabine instead of the Rio Grande as the southwest boundary of the Louisiana territory; and with the election of Adams to the Presidency an effort was at once begun to effect a more favorable readjustment. Scarcely had Adams entered into office when instructions were sent to Joel R. Poinsett, the American Minister to Mexico, to sound the Mexican Government on the possibility of its ceding at least part of Texas to the United States; and two years later, in 1827, Poinsett was directed to make a definite offer of $1,000,000 for all Texas, a proposal which he refused to make, knowing that it would meet with instant refusal. In another two years, however, and under most significant circumstances, the subject was officially and definitely broached to the Mexican authorities.

"DAVY" CROCKETT
Another famous defender of the Alamo
From a portrait in the possession of the Texas Historical Society

Andrew Jackson was now President, the man who had already compelled one territorial surrender to the United States. At that time he had differed from Adams and Clay and Benton in the matter of the southwest boundary, but since then his views had completely changed and he yielded to none in the whole-heartedness of his desire to secure Texas. It was his profound conviction, summed up in a private letter written in after years, that "the safety as well as the perpetuation of our glorious Union depends upon the retrocession of the whole of that country, as far as the ancient limits of Louisiana, to the United States." In this conviction he acted precisely as Adams had done before him, sending to the reluctant Poinsett, who was still the unenvied representative of the United States in Mexico, instructions to make an offer of purchase, bidding as high as $5,000,000 if necessary. The moment might well have seemed propitious. Mexico was threatened by a Spanish expedition from Cuba, bent on reconquest; she was weakened by her incessant revolutions; and she was sadly in need of funds. Yet, with a promptitude which disconcerted Poinsett though it did not surprise him, she spurned the offer, greatly to the wrath of the imperious Jackson but equally to the satisfaction of not a few of Jackson's fellow-countrymen. For in the short space of time which had elapsed since Adams made his overtures, sectional opposition had begun to crystallize with the dawning suspicion that the annexation of Texas might weaken, not strengthen, the Union, by giving the people of the slave States an opportunity to evade the consequences of the Missouri Compromise and obtain political ascendency in the councils of the Nation. Already the voice of the free States could be heard asserting, in the words of the New England Palladium: "The acquisition and settlement of Texas, a country of surprising fertility, embracing

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three hundred thousand square miles and capable of supporting a population of seven or eight millions, would be highly advantageous to our trade and manufactures. Those advantages would remain to us even in case the creation of the acquired territory into States should lead to a dissolution of the Union. But as long as the integrity of the Union is considered as paramount to any consideration of commercial advantage, so long will the proposed purchase of Texas be opposed by New England."

This was in 1829, the year of Jackson's futile offer to buy; and before the year had sped the Palladium was congratulating its readers that the possibility of annexation had become too remote for consideration. But exactly at this juncture the arrival at Washington of Sam Houston, sometime Governor of Tennessee and all-time friend of Andrew Jackson, brought upon the scene the one man whom destiny was holding in reserve to win Texas for the United States. Fresh from the wilds of Arkansas he came, in January, 1830, clad in picturesque Indian garb, hopeful of enlisting Jackson's influence in securing a government contract, and, though perhaps less hopefully, eager to set on foot a most ambitious project for gaining possession of the region Mexico had bluntly refused to sell. "I learned from him," recorded Dr. Robert Mayo, with whom Houston lived at the celebrated "Brown's Hotel" in Washington, "that he was organizing an expedition against Texas; to afford a cloak to which he had assumed the Indian costume, habits, and associations, by settling among them in the neighborhood of Texas. That nothing was more easy to accomplish than the conquest and possession of that extensive and fertile country, by the co-operation of the Indians in the Arkansas Territory, and recruits among the citizens of the United States. And that in his view it would hardly be necessary to strike a blow to wrest Texas from Mexico."

Now, while Mayo is not altogether a credible witness, and while there is cause for suspecting that in the detailed account of the "conspiracy" which he hastened to lay before President Jackson he drew somewhat on the resources of an exuberant imagination, there is no doubting, in the light of subsequent events, that he told the truth so far as concerned Houston's personal intentions, and that Jackson himself was cognizant of, and secretly connived at, his old friend's schemes against the peace of Mexico. In Jackson's case, we must believe, the motive was purely patriotic. In Houston's, however, another consideration entered—the desire for self-vindication. His had been a strangely romantic and pathetic career. He was born, in 1793, of humble parentage, like Jackson himself; his birthplace being a farm-house in an outlying Virginia settlement. On both his father's and his mother's side he was of the so-called Scotch-Irish race—tracing his ancestry, that is to say, to Scotland via Ireland—and thus he inherited a double share of the Scotch-Irish compound of assertiveness, pugnacity, obstinacy, independence, endurance, and reckless daring. For the better part of his boyhood he led a life of restless roaming that might have made of him a second Boone; but his father's death, and the removal of his mother to a new home in the heart of the Tennessee wilderness, brought him a greatly needed corrective in the way of hard work. At infrequent intervals he attended school, and one day, the story goes, there fell into his hands a copy of Pope's "Iliad," which so fired his youthful imagination that when the attempt was made to apprentice him to a trade he ran away and took refuge with some friendly Cherokees, whose chieftain adopted him. Here he remained, with only occasional visits to his mother, until the outbreak of the War of 1812; and then, meeting with a recruiting sergeant, he gladly donned a United States army uniform, and went in quest of adventures and glory.

Both he found speedily, his most notable achievement being at the battle of Horseshoe Bend, where Jackson crushed forever the power of the Creeks and took a fearful vengeance for the massacre at Fort Mims. Sorely wounded, and ordered by Jackson himself to withdraw to the rear, young Houston, determined to win fame or death, deliberately disobeyed the order, fighting until he fell with two bullets in him. For

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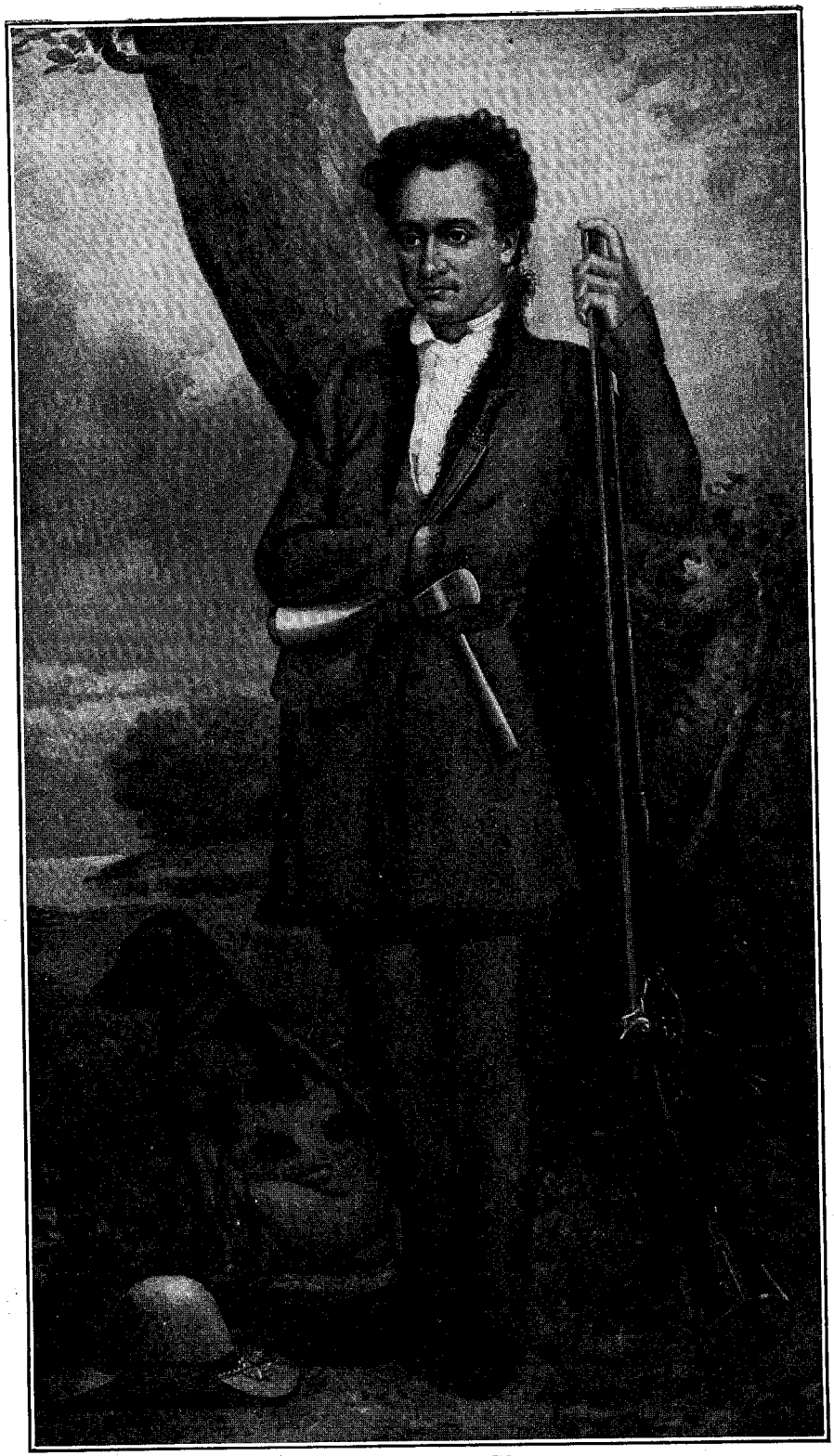

STEPHEN AUSTIN
"The Father of Texas"
From a portrait in the possession of the Texas Historical Society

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months his recovery was uncertain, but when he was able to be up and about he quickly discovered in Jackson, who had readily forgiven his disobedience but had not forgotten his heroism, a friend eager to assist in the advancement of his interests. Resigning from the army and embracing the practice of law, with the powerful influence of Jackson constantly behind him, he gained instant recognition as one of the coming men of Tennessee. He had been barely twenty-one years old, an utterly unknown frontier lad, at the battle of the Horseshoe; before he reached the age of thirty-one he was elected Major-General of the State militia and member of the National House of Representatives; and he was not yet thirty-five when a tidal wave of popular enthusiasm carried him into the Governorship of Tennessee, even against the candidacy of the famous war Governor, William Blount. But now, on the very eve, as it seemed, of still greater honors, the entire current of his life was changed by a domestic affliction. Deserted by his wife, accused by the tongue of scandal, and hounded by enemies, he took the amazing step of resigning from office, abandoning civilization, and seeking an asylum among the Cherokees to whom he had fled in boyhood. There, for a time, heedless of the outside world, he gave himself over to hunting and to drowning his sorrows in libations that quickly earned for him among his tawny companions the nickname of "Drunken Sam." But this lasted for only a time. Ere the year was out he was on his way to Washington, to visit the friend who had never failed him, and to find if possible a means of proving to friend and foe alike that the career which had promised so well was not completely blasted.

It was nearly three years later, however, before Houston actually set foot on the soil of Texas; the delay being due, in part at any rate, to his persistence in seeking the contract which, despite all of Jackson's influence, was steadily denied him. In the meantime, while he was alternating between Washington and his wigwam home in Arkansas, the shadow of his former self, without reputation, without means, and without friends other than the few who, like Jackson, saw in him only the hero of Horseshoe Bend, the situation in Texas was steadily growing more favorable to his undertaking. Jackson's offer had thoroughly aroused the Mexicans to the necessity of checking the inflow of American colonization, and with unwonted unanimity they resolved on action to vindicate and maintain their authority in their northern province. Their first move was the issuance of a decree—speedily rescinded, however—abolishing slavery in Mexico. Though couched in general terms, the decree practically affected Texas alone, and was intended to discourage further immigration from the Southern States, whence most of the colonists had come. Following this, early in 1830, the Mexican Congress enacted a sweeping law providing for the establishment of Mexican colonies, military posts, and customs offices in the border provinces; prohibiting further colonization by immigrants from adjacent countries; and forbidding the importation of slaves. It has been well said that from the passage of this law can be traced the growth of discontent in Texas. It was aimed only at the Texans, or rather at the now dreaded Americanization of Texas, and no time was lost in giving it effect. Troops were hurried to the American settlements, guards stationed along the frontier to keep out slaves and turn back prospective immigrants, customs collections were begun, and all but two of the Texas ports were closed.

To the Texans, hitherto in the enjoyment of a degree of liberty amounting almost to license, these measures were galling in the extreme, and a spirit of uneasiness and resentment rapidly took possession of them. But, with admirable restraint, they held themselves well in hand until some of their leading men were imprisoned on trivial charges. Then, pretending that they wished to aid Santa Anna, the leader of the latest Mexican revolution, they rose in arms and attacked the recently established garrisons, disbanding only after the last Mexican soldier had fled across the border. It was at this moment, when all was confusion, uncertainty, and indignation,

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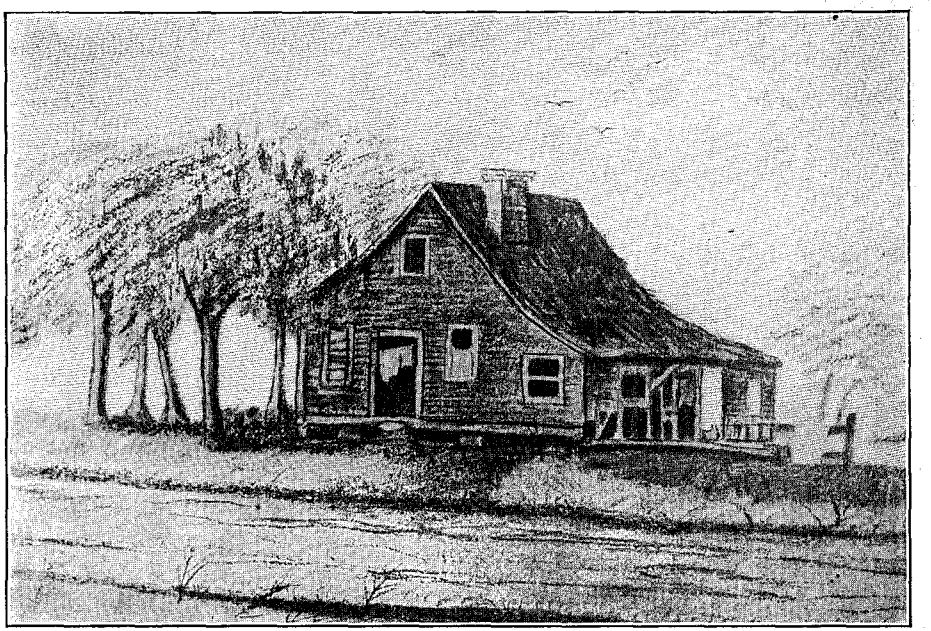
that Houston arrived in Texas. The purpose of his coming seems to have been well understood, for at the frontier town of Nacogdoches he received a warm welcome and an urgent invitation to settle there. He learned that a convention was soon to meet for a discussion of the situation, and further information prompted him to despatch to Jackson an enthusiastic letter declaring that then, if ever, was the time to acquire Texas, and that nineteen-twentieths of the population of the province were eager for annexation to the United States. In this he greatly erred, for, as a matter of fact, the Texans as yet had no intention of making a definite, clear-cut stand for separation from Mexico. That they would ultimately do so was beyond question, in view of the irreconcilable contradiction between the instinctive love of freedom which was part of their Anglo-Saxon heritage and the innate despotism of their Mexican rulers. But their immediate desire was to effect a restoration of the conditions existing prior to the enforcement of the law of 1830.



THE CAPITOL OF THE REPUBLIC OF TEXAS
From a picture in the possession of the Texas Historical Society

Meeting in convention in April, 1833, they drew up a petition for the repeal of its most obnoxious clauses and for permission to adopt a State constitution, which, it is significant to note, was drafted by a committee headed by Houston, and was thoroughly republican in form and spirit. Then ensued an anxious period. For six months their Commissioner—none other than the "Father of Texas" himself, Stephen F. Austin—labored in vain to obtain a hearing; after which, when about to leave Mexico City with his mission unfulfilled, he was thrown into prison, where he lingered many weary months. This treatment, of course, enraged the Texans, and the revolutionary spirit steadily grew apace under the zealous fostering of Houston and minor agitators who were determined to force a separation. None the less, the evidence goes to show that the "peace party," of which Austin was the most influential member, remained in the ascendant until as late as August, 1835. Then a crisis was precipitated by the news that the Mexican Government—now concentrated in the single person of Santa Anna—was planning to send a large army into Texas to break up the foreign settlements. With this the issue was squarely presented—

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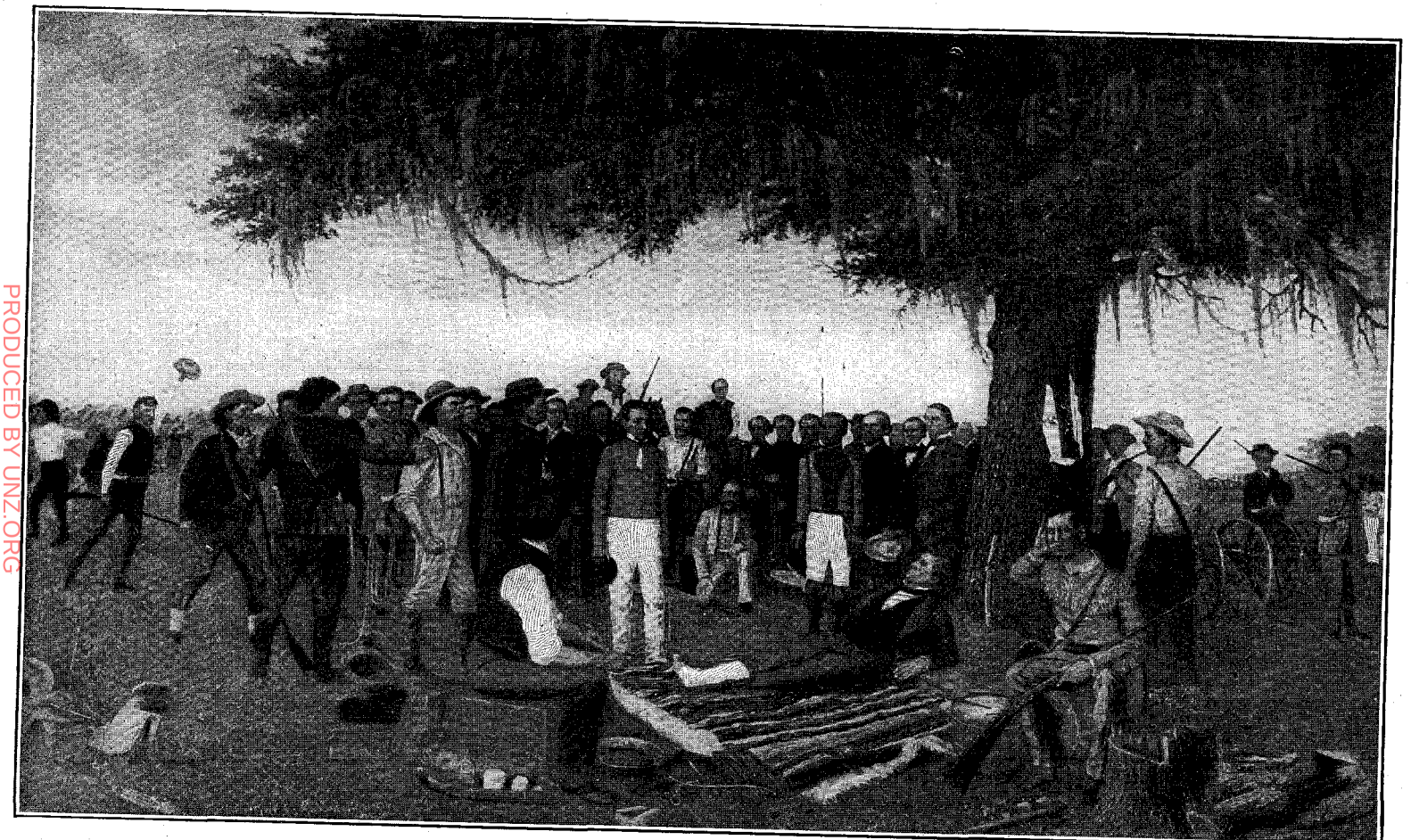

THE SURRENDER OF SANTA ANNA
From a painting in the possession of the Texas Historical Society

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war, or unconditional surrender—and from that time forward even the peace-loving Austin united his voice with Houston's in exhorting the Texans to resist to the death.

The story of the war that followed need not be told in detail. Despite the assistance received from the United States, in flagrant violation of the laws of neutrality, but in perfect accord with the laws of racial solidarity and blood relationship, it opened inauspiciously for the revolutionary cause. Fast on the heels of the ghastly Alamo massacre, when Travis, Bowie, Crockett, and their gallant comrades were butchered in cold blood by Santa Anna, came the similar horror at Goliad, with its death-roll of nearly four hundred. These merciless and unforgivable acts were doubtless designed to strike terror to the hearts of the revolutionists; but they only inspired a blind, unreasoning fury, and an unshakable resolution to exact a bloody recompense. Such was the wrath of the Texans that they even turned against Houston, their military head, who, with a masterly generalship which they could not appreciate, was employing Fabian tactics to avoid a battle until reinforcements should reach him. Not the least of his triumphs was the success with which, heedless of taunts and protests, he beat down all opposition and compelled his rebellious followers to do his bidding. In the end the necessity of giving battle came sooner than he desired, but with it came also the vindication for which he had long been toiling, and the independence of Texas. April 21, 1836, near the San Jacinto River, was fought the decisive engagement of the war, when Houston and some eight hundred Texans overwhelmingly defeated twice their number of Mexicans, and captured Santa Anna himself.

In gratitude for that victory, Houston—no longer the despised "Drunken Sam," but universally acclaimed, and deservedly, as a man of transcendent abilities—was elected President of the Republic which his valor, no less than his intriguing, had contributed to bring into existence. And now, having at the time of his election declared almost unanimously in favor of annexation with the United States, the Texans confidently looked forward to an early admission into the greater republic of their native land. But in this they were doomed to bitter disappointment. The changed attitude of an influential section of the American people—indicated so long before as 1829 in the opposition aroused by Jackson's attempt to purchase Texas—had by this time solidified into a widespread and resolute hostility to the annexation movement. It was recognized that, if admitted at all, Texas would have to be admitted as a slave State, or States—rumor had it that she was to be carved into five or six States in the political interests of the slaveholding South—for she lay in the slave belt and had by constitutional provision established slavery as one of her institutions; and the increasingly numerous opponents of the slavery system had no intention of permitting it to intrench itself more firmly than ever in the United States. Moreover, there were many, like Adams and Benton, who, though expansionists of the first order, regarded the proposed measure as a spoliation of Mexico, and were accordingly opposed to it. So complicated was the situation, and so manifest had the drift into sectionalism become, that even the Texas-desiring Jackson shrank from a step which would certainly disrupt party lines and might endanger the Union for whose "safety and perpetuation," paradoxically enough, he deemed the possession of Texas essential. As a result, the Texan commissioners, who, soon after the battle of San Jacinto, hurried to Washington to proffer annexation, met with a decided rebuff, as did the Texan Minister on renewing the offer in the following year, after the Government of the United States had recognized the independence of his country.

Time passed. Jackson's term of office expired; his nominee, the adroit Van Buren, reaped the sad harvest of a panic year and gave way to the ill-fated Harrison; and still the annexation of Texas seemed as far off as ever. It was, however, steadily becoming a livelier subject of public discussion. Several State legislatures adopted resolutions declaring for or against it, according

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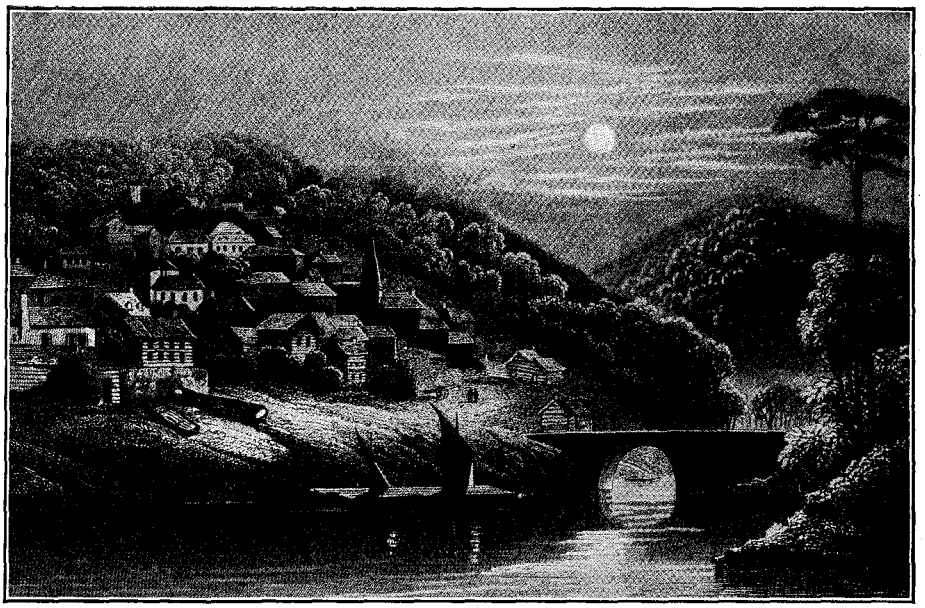

THE CITY OF HOUSTON ABOUT 1850
From an old print

as the State was slaveholding or non-slaveholding; and attempts were also made to secure action by Congress, a vote on one occasion being prevented only by the filibustering of Adams, who occupied three weeks in the delivery of a single speech. This was in 1838, and it was not until 1843 that the friends of annexation really had reason to hope for success. Then the outlook perceptibly brightened, in part owing to the political ambitions of President Tyler, but still more as a result of the artful diplomacy of President Houston, who had already proved himself as capable in statecraft as in military leadership.

In December, 1841, after his election for a second term, he had again sounded the authorities at Washington with regard to the prospects for annexation, and upon receiving an unfavorable reply he adopted a well-assumed attitude of indifference and began to cultivate close relations with foreign Powers, notably Great Britain. Presently most disquieting reports reached the United States. It was said, among much else, that the British Government purposed using its influence in Texas to bring about the gradual abolition of slavery in all America, and thus protect the sugar and cotton industries of the East and West Indies from the competition of the United States. Improbable though it was, this story received wide credence, and action by the already willing Tyler, anxious at any cost to curry favor with the Democratic party, was hastened by the receipt of a notification from Houston that "the subject of annexation is no longer open to discussion." Promptly, but with great secrecy, negotiations were begun between the two Governments, and before long, to Houston's infinite satisfaction, a treaty of annexation was successfully formulated, notwithstanding the angry protests of Mexico, which still cherished the vain hope of reconquering Texas.

But formulation was one thing, ratification another. Brought to a vote in the United States Senate June 8, 1844, after annexation had been elevated to the dignity of a party issue, the treaty was decisively rejected. Nevertheless, Houston did not despair. The American people had yet to cast their vote, for one result of his diplomacy and of the "British intervention" stories had been to place the question of annexation among the vital questions of the rapidly approaching Presidential election, and he was confident that dread of foreign influence, coupled with the instinctive desire for expansion, would outweigh all

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other considerations in the minds of the majority. Here he was right, the comparatively unknown James K. Polk, on a platform declaring unreservedly for annexation, defeating the popular idol, Henry Clay. For Houston, as for Jackson watching the contest from his well-earned retirement in Tennessee, Polk's election was a personal triumph, a personal vindication, setting the seal of popular approval on the labors and policies of nearly two decades gone. Only a few months more and, though not by treaty but by the novel method of a joint resolution of Congress, the Lone Star Republic was transformed into the American State of Texas.

This, properly speaking, is the point at which to bring our narrative to a close. Of the war with Mexico that followed we shall hear enough in the course of our study of the conquest of California. But it is impossible to resist the temptation to recall, however briefly, the splendid sequel to Houston's career as an expansionist. The eve of the Civil War found him Governor of Texas, after long and faithful service in the United States Senate; and found him, for well-nigh the first time, out of sympathy with the desires of his fellow-Texans. They were for secession—he was for the Union. Old in years, but fiery as ever, with the boldness, the bluntness, the patriotism, that had always marked his ways, he set himself manfully to conquer the popular will and hold Texas true to the cause which he deemed the greatest and best in the world. Failing, and with horror and anguish hearing his State declare in favor of the Confederacy, he made ready for a final struggle. He was Governor and he would stay Governor, owning allegiance to Texas but also to the Union. In vain his friends urged him either to swear fealty to the Confederacy or resign. He would do neither. And thus it came about that, after all his labors for Texas, he was deposed and expelled from office. Whereupon, in the words of his best-known biographer, "he retired to his prairie home, and, planting upon his log cabin a single four-pounder, he told his State 'to go to ruin if she pleased, but she should not drag him along with her.' He had made and saved her, and if she would be unmade, it should be her work —not his." The pity that the weary giant did not live to learn that Texas had not been unmade! He died July 26, 1863, three weeks after Grant had captured Vicksburg.

SANCTUARY

BY MARY BALDWIN

A monastery garden dim and sweet,
Cloistered in silence save for unshod feet
Passing to matins or to midnight prayer,
And at one corner, lily-like in air,
A campanile. Thus a monk long gone
Had offered up his soul and heart in stone,
Had lain his aspiration 'gainst the sky
In human challenge to eternity,
And far on high the silvery bells were set.—
I feel the vibrant noon and I see yet
The stir of unused hands, all white and thin,
A latticed casement and a face within
Marked with negation, where vain memories pass
Like shadow-wings that drift across the grass.

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AN INVENTOR WHO STUCK TO ONE THING

BY GEORGE ILES

AUTHOR OF "INVENTORS AT WORK"

EDWARD Goodrich Acheson has won distinction as a discoverer and an inventor by choosing a single chemical element, carbon, and revealing a round of golden characteristics under the new stress of electric heat. By itself carbon may be either a diamond, a bit of charcoal, or a lump of graphite. These contrasted guises but prophesy its marvelous capacity for unions on every hand; the compounds of carbon far outnumber those of all other elements put together, and largely appear in every plant and animal on earth. Small percentages of carbon added to iron have, as steel, revolutionized the arts of construction within the past fifty years.

It was as a light-giver, glowing with heat as it resisted an electric throb, that carbon first enlisted Mr. Acheson's powers of investigation. In 1880, when he was twenty-four, he was engaged as a draughtsman by Mr. Edison at Menlo Park. The Master, of unfailing eye for ability, soon promoted him from a draughting-table to his experimental laboratory. Mr. Edison was then busy with his incandescent lamp, and in quest of materials for its filaments. Among the substances he tested and found promising was graphite. He directed young Acheson to make graphite into flat loops, each an inch or so in girth, 1-40th of an inch wide, 1-500th of an inch thick. Every loop was to be firm and elastic, that it might be easily mounted in a glass globe, the parent of every pear-shaped bulb since familiar the world over. Acheson so thoroughly purified his graphite, so carefully molded and treated it, that he furnished Mr. Edison with several thousand satisfactory filaments, and in one-half the thickness prescribed. Not only graphite, but platinum, bamboo, and other fibers were tested and compared by Mr. Edison, all at last discarded for the thread now in service. This thread is obtained from cellulose squirted through tiny apertures, then duly baked and treated.

Having left the Edison laboratory, Mr. Acheson in 1886 was associated with his brother William as an iron producer in his native State, Pennsylvania. Here he was to ponder questions such as had filled his brain at Menlo Park. The fuel employed in his furnaces was natural gas, rich in carbon. Always fond of experiment, he one day put a few lumps of clay into an intense flame of this gas. When the clay had cooled, he noticed that it was hard in a remarkable degree. This, he thought, might be due to its taking up carbon from the gas flame. This observation dwelt in his mind unforgotten, but only after five years did it bear fruit. In 1891, at Monongahela City, Mr. Acheson had command of a large electric generator at a power-house. He well knew that heat of electric derivation may far exceed in temperature that of any flame whatever, with powers to unite or to sever in modes wholly new. This time he would direct electric heat upon clay intimately mixed with carbon as powdered coke. This mixture he placed in an iron bowl such as plumbers use. One pole of a dynamo he connected with the bowl itself, the other pole he attached by a stout wire to a carbon rod, thrusting one end of it into his mixture. In a few minutes the coke and clay quivered as a molten mass. When all had cooled down, Mr. Acheson scrutinized the end of the carbon stick withdrawn from the bowl. Here and there appeared some

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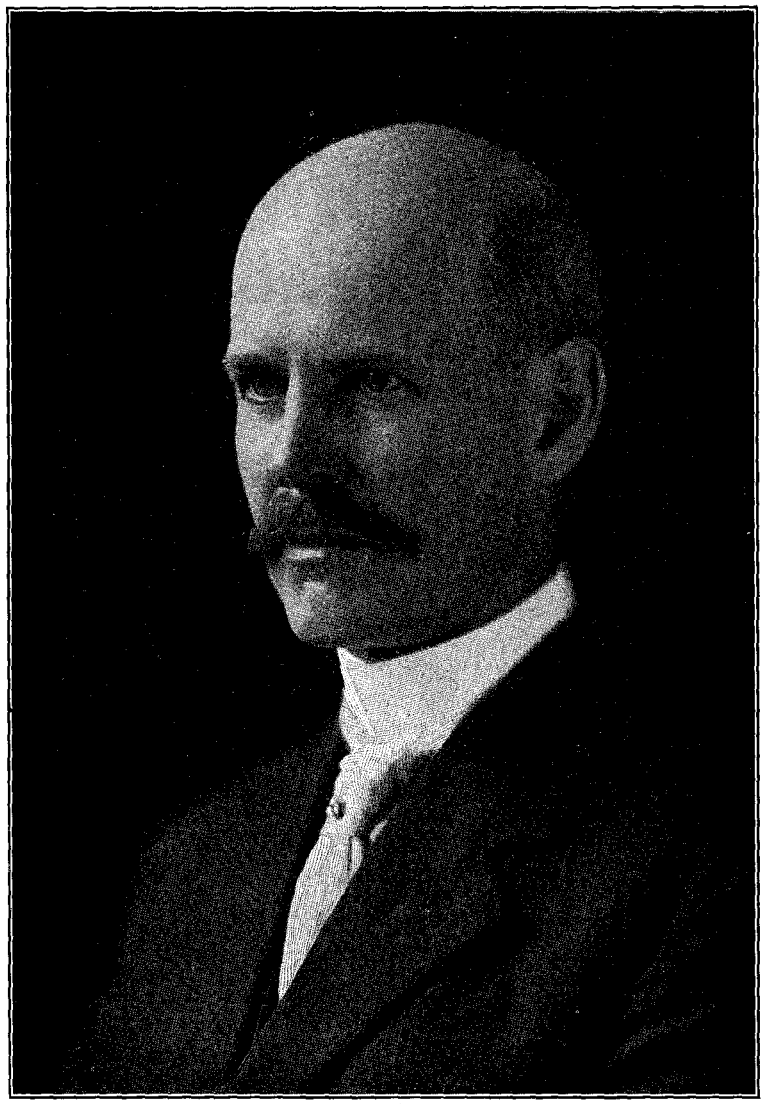
glittering specks. So few were they and so minute that only a trained eye, anxious to find something, would have detected them. On the tip of a lead pencil he managed to secure one of these tiny crystals; drawing it across a window-pane, it cut the glass like a diamond. That instant Mr. Acheson knew that he had come to a great discovery. Here was a crystal approaching in hardness the diamond itself, while born of parents as common as clay and coke. Repeating his experiments, he gathered ascertain their value in abrasion. In a lathe he mounted an iron disc, whose surface he charged with oil and his electric crystals. To his great joy, his hopes were now outsped; as the disc revolved, it quickly cut from his ring the polished face of its diamond. He took his remaining crystals to New York; there, in the hands of a professional diamond-cutter, they restored to his diamond the polish it had originally borne. A few pinches of carborundum, as he afterward called it, lay unused in [illegible] he had brought in his



EDWARD GOODRICH ACHESON

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pocket. These the diamond-cutter was glad to buy at a price which meant $45 an ounce troy, for they would serve him quite as well as diamond dust.

On his return home Mr. Acheson built a small brick furnace, that he might create his crystals by pounds instead of ounces. That little furnace was so well designed that its essential features survive in its huge successors at Niagara Falls, each able to turn out as a batch more than three tons of carborundum. At first the inventor believed that it was aluminum which, joined to carbon, formed his gems. He soon found that silicon alone entered this partnership. So, as a source of silicon preferable to clay, he chose sand, such as that used for the better sorts of glass.

Let us go to Niagara Falls and look at a carborundum furnace, one of sixteen huge structures. Glancing within, we see an oblong trough, sixteen feet long, five wide, five deep. This ample space takes as a charge sand and broken coke. In his early operations Mr. Acheson was annoyed at times by explosions of gas. These he banishes by including a little sawdust with the charge. He adds also a little salt—it perceptibly improves the running of a furnace. When the trough is half filled, a core of granular coke is laid from end to end, connecting the current-carriers which enter at each end. The remainder of the trough is then filled, and its cover duly cemented. When the electric current begins to flow, it is so resisted by the coke and sand that they soon rise to a heat far beyond that to be had from combustion. This, too, in perfect seclusion from air, and with avoidance of the risks inseparable from the use of flame—the hazard of union with its gases, of contamination from impurities which those gases may contain. By making his trough so wide and deep as five feet each way, Mr. Acheson has overcome a supreme difficulty. Electric heat, it is estimated, may reach 7,000 degrees Fahrenheit; this in a small furnace would melt down its walls, however refractory their materials. Now, mingled sand and coke form a poor conductor of heat; so, by assembling them in a mass measuring more than two feet from center to circumference, their outer parts serve as retaining walls which stand unmelted despite the terrific heat not far away. In like manner, one may safely hold in one's hand the mouthpiece of a common clay pipe while an electric arc reduces the pipe-bowl to fluidity.

Let us watch a furnace after its trough has been carefully filled. Its contents are much more resistant at first than afterward, so that at the outset electricity is sent in at the pressure of 250 volts. As the resistance falls this pressure is lowered, and averages throughout no more than 185 volts. An ordinary Edison incandescent lamp requires 110 volts. In about thirty-six hours the current is switched off and the furnace is allowed to cool. When its top is removed a striking display meets the eye. From the core, once coke, now pure carbon, radiate, for ten or twelve inches, clusters of beautiful carborundum crystals. Here and there, where hollows have occurred, unusually large crystals appear, measuring as much as half an inch on each of their six sides. Beyond this zone of crystals, small and great, is a thin layer of carborundum, not crystalline at all. Then, as the outermost coat, is part of the original coke and sand, little changed by the intense heat it has suffered, and testifying to its thorough efficiency as an insulating wall. We ask Mr. Acheson, "How much electricity does it take to make a pound of carborundum?" He replies, "As much as one horse-power would generate in seven hours."

Carborundum as it leaves a furnace is duly crushed, and then treated in a weak solution of sulphuric acid to rid it of slight impurities. Next through sieves of diverse mesh its crystals are separated into as many as twenty sizes. Some of the finer sizes are cemented upon cloth or paper for the nicer tasks of abrasion. The finest grades of all, like dust, are mixed with water. The sediment which falls in the first minute is removed, to form a powder comparatively large of grain. In successive and lengthening periods this process yields powders finer and finer in quality.

Whether as a powder, or in crystals or grits, carborundum is, next to the diamond, the hardest [illegible]

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therefore, as an abrasive. This quality is an honest inheritance. Both parents, carbon and silicon, have a variety of forms, and each may appear as a crystal of distinctive hardness. Carborundum easily cuts corundum or emery; it is not so tough as corundum. Neither water nor any acid dissolves it. At an extremely high temperature a molecule of it breaks up into an atom of silicon and an atom of carbon, without the intermediate fusion which commonly attends the severest thermal stress. Its specific gravity, 3.123, is about one-fourth less than that of emery, so that wheels of carborundum may turn faster than those of emery, adding an advantage in pace to a superiority of edge.

It is for grinding-wheels that carborundum is chiefly employed. These vary in diameter all the way from one-quarter of an inch to thirty-six inches; differing in thickness from one-quarter of an inch to four inches. Their grits or crystals, in twenty different sizes, are adapted with care to their special tasks. To bind these crystals together two ingredients, familiar in pottery, are used. One is kaolin, a fine clay; the other is feldspar, derived from the decomposition of granite, gneiss, and other widely distributed rocks. A wheel duly cemented and molded is baked in a kiln, much as if it were a vase or a plaque. At the end of a week the furnace is permitted to cool slowly. Now comes proof of Mr. Acheson's sagacity in the choice of a binding material; it leaves the kiln so glass-like as to be itself a good abrasive. Other cements, once common in similar wheels, become smooth and gummy with use; others in the presence of moisture grow soft and worthless.

Wheels as withdrawn from a kiln are taken to a lathe to be perfected in shape. All wheels eight inches or more in diameter are run in a testing-room at a speed involving twice the strain of normal service. Such wheels, because contoured with precision, true in balance, quick and refined in the finish they bestow, are steadily replacing other means of producing axles, rolls, piston-rods, and the like. They demand but one-third as much time as steel tools. How delicate a task watch rolls, finished by abrasion, as they turn out tissue paper but 1-4,000 of an inch in thickness. A variation of 1-10,000 of an inch in either the diameter or the length of the metal would distort and ruin the paper as it swept by. Mr. Acheson, we plainly see, has refined manufacturing by a long stride. In conferring form, one of the chief tasks of factories and mills, his wheels do about fourfold the work of emery wheels, and leave a better finish. To pass from manufacturing to surgery: a tiny carborundum wheel excavates a tooth three to four times faster than the wheel next best, and with less pain.

In potteries the keen-edged crystals give biscuit ware a surface much more pleasing than that conferred by either emery or corundum. With an Acheson brick in his hand a workman surfaces as many bath-tubs in an hour as he could finish in a day with emery. Take the business, more exacting still, of polishing granite, where loose grains of carborundum are fed with water between the stone and an iron disc. Two ounces, or less, will polish a square foot; of emery eight ounces would be needed, with double the time. Cloth or paper coated with carborundum is much used in shoe factories; it gives soles and heels a better finish than does emery or garnet, with an output increased sixfold. The same good servant removes old paint, preparing a surface of exquisite smoothness for the decorator's brush. Carborundum is made into stones for sharpening knives, razors, chisels, axes, gouges, scythes, leaving an edge better and quicker than any other whetstone whatever. Thus does art take another step in advance of nature.

In a shrewd observation of a by-product, Mr. Acheson struck a point of departure for an industry as important as that of manufacturing carborundum itself. He remarked that in the very hottest part of his furnace, betwixt its core and the carborundum crystals, there was always some excellent graphite. That it had been derived from the decomposition of carborundum was clear; it retained as a skeleton the beautiful form of its parent crystals. This graphite proved to be almost perfectly pure, so that it

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conducted electricity four times as well as the best natural graphite then in the market. The electric current had here created for itself a better pathway for many important journeys than had ever existed before. Of course this superiority is mainly due to the almost complete expulsion of admixtures; these, always present in a considerable degree in natural graphite, greatly lower its conductivity, and contaminate the liquid in which a rod is immersed for duty.

A second reason is worth a moment's pause. We are accustomed to think that a chemical "element" may unite only with quite other chemical "elements," as sodium with chlorine to form common salt. But this rule, though general, is not universal. Oxygen, for instance, may combine its own atoms, and somewhat condense its volume, to appear as ozone, with properties much more active than those of the simple oxygen the atmosphere gives us to breathe. Carbon far excels oxygen, or any other element, in this capacity to assemble its atoms in groups of widely different extent, of highly contrasted quality. Charcoal as it combines with oxygen in a blaze develops more heat than does graphite; and graphite, for its part, evolves more heat in combustion than does the diamond. As the carbon-atoms unite in groups successively more compact, they emit a little of their store of energy, as heat; in a final burning, therefore, the diamond, densely grouped, has somewhat less energy left to draw upon than charcoal, comparatively loose in its atomic clusters. A cause of the excellence of Acheson graphite is, in all likelihood, a molecular rearrangement of this kind, not yet explained. No extremity of heat applied to simple coke affords so good a product. But let the carbon from coke but unite with silicon, or other accordant partner, and then, at a higher temperature, expel that partner, and the carbon left behind will be a graphite of surpassing quality.

In his first production of graphite Mr. Acheson began with carborundum, which in chemical phrase is silicon carbide, as the substance intermediate between carbon as coke and carbon as graphite. He soon discovered that carbides other than that of silicon could be readily formed, and that they would serve his turn as well, or nearly as well. For example, an oxide of iron would part with its iron in the furnace, and this iron, after uniting with carbon to form a carbide, could be easily driven forth by raising the temperature, leaving behind a capital graphite. Many other compounds proved equally available—manganese oxide, clay, alumina, being among the best in results. And Mr. Acheson came to a further and most happy discovery; namely, that a carbide-former acts in quantities comparatively small. Its silicon, iron, or what not, quickly joins and leaves one portion after another of the surrounding carbon, greatly simplifying and hastening the work of a furnace—a structure somewhat modified from that producing carborundum.

Acheson graphite has many uses, chiefly in round or rectangular sticks to serve as current-carriers, or electrodes, in tasks where nothing else would be so good. In a few cases it is the only material the electrician can use, rendering easy a chemical union or parting otherwise impossible. Common salt fuses at a high temperature, and may then be divided by electricity into sodium and chlorine, for the production of caustic soda and chloride of lime. No other current-carrier so well withstands corrosion in this and like severe processes. Because comparatively high in conductivity, less mass and surface are needed than if other graphite were employed. We are so accustomed to have electric currents carried on slender copper wires that we ask, Why for a like service must graphite be used in masses so very much larger? For the good reason that graphite at its best, bulk for bulk, conducts electricity only one five-hundredth part as well as copper. Electricity, as in the familiar decomposition of water, may enter a liquid compound to break it up into elements. A current, also, may serve, as in electro-plating, to build up from a solution a solid mass of copper, silver, or other metal therein dissolved. Thus to-day vast quantities of gold are recovered from lean ores, and from slimes such as not many years

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potassium cyanide is the agent. Immersed therein, Acheson electrodes were in one case used about five weeks for eleven hours a day; when taken from the tank, their corners and surface-markings had all their original sharpness. In Townsend alkali cells, Acheson electrodes at the end of a year's service have needed renewal only in part.

A distinct advantage, too, in using Acheson graphite for electrodes is that it takes form as readily as wood. It may be sawn, slotted with a chisel, or turned in a lathe, promoting convenience and economy as it is shaped to fit baths and tanks of all kinds. It may be easily grooved with screw-threads, so that as the working end of one rod wears away another rod may be screwed in at its upper, free end, and so on, without wasting a crumb of graphite or a moment of time. Mr. Acheson derives the carbon for his electrodes from petroleum coke mixed with pitch. As in this case, so in every other, he selects the raw materials best suited to produce a graphite for a special duty. Throughout the manufacturing process the heat is so regulated as to yield in a graphite just those qualities demanded in an electrode, or aught else. The final approach to absolute purity depends upon the highest temperature applied, and the period of its action. For the best electrodes a purity of 99.5 per cent is attained. A purity of but 90 per cent suffices for the basis of an excellent paint. Graphites diverse in texture are used as surfacing in electrotypy, as filling for dry batteries, for pencils, and as a polish. In foundries they serve as molds. In melting copper, brass, tin, and zinc, graphite forms stirrers which never impurify their metal bath. Chargers of Acheson graphite convey phosphorus into phosphor bronze; nothing else is so satisfactory.

A graphite born of intense heat was plainly a material that might make crucibles, subjected in metal-working to heat well-nigh as extreme. Mr. Acheson learned with astonishment that crucible-making in the United States worked up every year about 6,000 tons of graphite. Here, then, was a tempting field for him [illegible]. But to his regret his graphite did not make crucibles as good as those in the market, built of a compact, crystalline, natural graphite. And here befell an incident showing how a man of genius can transmute a failure into success. In molding his graphite into crucibles it was necessary to bind the particles together with a cement. The clay used for this purpose in standard crucibles was imported from Germany. On examination Mr. Acheson found it more plastic and strong than any American clays he tested. He found, too, that in plasticity and strength these American clays varied not a little. What could be the reason? He traced his clays to their sources. Those brought directly from the beds where their parent feldspathic rocks had decomposed were weak and stiff. Clays which had formed sediments, taken up at long distances from their places of origin, were much more moldable and strong. Chemical analysis, strange to say, revealed no essential difference in constitution between clays good and bad. Possibly, he thought, a clay in journeying from its birthplace to the bed of a lake or a river absorbs juices from the roots, stalks, and leaves of plants; and this may explain its improvement in quality.

He remembered reading in the Bible that the Egyptians of old put straw into their bricks. Surely, he thought, the short, brittle fibers had no binding value, especially after a fierce baking. But what if the juices of the straw did the business? Mr. Acheson, when he can, always answers a query with an experiment. He chopped a handful of straw into small fragments, and put them asoak in water; before long nearly all the fibers were dissolved. He added the broth thus produced to inferior clays; all were improved in strength. He then tried decoctions of hemlock bark, leaves of oak, sumac-tea; all wrought betterment when mixed with clay. Best of all was the result when he used a solution of tannic acid obtained from nutgalls, or gallotannic acid; in one case the strength of a clay was trebled by it. Mr. Acheson further noticed that all his new liquids dissolved clay more freely and fully than did plain water; in one instance almost twice as effectively. Of

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supreme moment was the fact that a little clay remained permanently suspended in his acidulated water, and both clay and liquid together, without separation, passed through fine filter paper. Here plainly was no mere mechanical mixture, as when sand and water are briskly stirred up, but an alliance resembling that of the elements in a chemical compound.

All along Mr. Acheson had been producing as one of his graphites a highly unctuous brand, derived from the anthracite culm of Pennsylvania. This graphite mixed with grease was a capital lubricant. It flashed across his mind that possibly this graphite could be permanently suspended in a liquid, like his clay, so as to be readily carried through pipes to lubricate the working parts of machines and engines. Taking a pinch of this flaky graphite, he stirred it into water, adding a few drops of gallotannic acid. To his amazement and joy, the graphite remained diffused in the liquid for hours and days, although its solid particles were more than twice as heavy as an equal bulk of water. This "aquadag," as he calls it, passes undivided through fine filter paper, just as good ink does. A gallon of it in a jar may rest on a shelf undisturbed for a year with no perceptible deposition of sediment.

As a lubricant aquadag had an early test. On a shaft running three thousand revolutions per minute were two bearings. One of them, served solely with aquadag, ran perfectly. The other, lubricated with a good oil, ran much warmer, giving evidence of much more friction. Said a friend who saw tests of this kind, "It is the water in your compound that does the trick." "Very well," replied Mr. Acheson, "I'll try water by itself." He did, and next morning the watered surface was coated with rust. With aquadag there is no rust. Yet the water combined in it evaporates, and this is a serious drawback. "May I replace water with oil?" asked our tireless inventor. At the end of a long series of experiments, arduous enough, he was able to say, Yes. He thoroughly mingles with graphite three to six per cent of tannic acid, obtaining a paste which, in stated quantities, may be united with either water or oil to form a lubricant of inestimable value. The compound with oil is called "oildag;" it is, of course, much more in demand than aquadag. One result of prolonged experiments astonished Mr. Acheson, to wit, the smallness of the proportion of graphite, one part to 280 of oil, which gives most benefit.

During 1907 Acheson graphite products of one kind and another reached the immense total of 6,806,110 pounds, valued at $492,021. Apart from a practical success so striking, the achievements of Mr. Acheson have profound scientific interest. The permanent suspension in liquids of heavier solids he has shown to be general; under favoring conditions it may be universal. He has proved it to occur, not only with clay and graphite, but with silica, lampblack, and many other substances. And he finds that the suspended solids, whatever they are, lose their grip and fall to the bottom as soon as he drops a little hydrochloric acid into the sustaining liquid. Other acids, doubtless, share this power. It rests with geologists to inquire how far, in earth sculpture, such phenomena of solubility and of precipitation may have played a part. It is plain that Mr. Acheson has discovered a force to be reckoned with in estimating the transporting capacity of streams, and especially of those purer waters which flow underground. Thus ever does a great inventor and discoverer arrive at questions far beyond the horizon at which his labors began.

Twenty-eight years ago Mr. Acheson took up the study of carbon in one of its most useful forms. He has kept to carbon in a long stretch of researches demanding not only insight and skill, but courage and patience. He has won from carbon for the world three precious gifts—a form-bestower superlative in value; a carrier of electricity unequaled in quality; a means of lowering by nearly one-half the tax of friction laid upon tools and machines, prime movers on land and sea, while, at the same time, all these are lengthened in life.

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THE NECKLACE

BY GUY DE MAUPASSANT

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

THE futility of the endeavor to detach art from morality, the special and individual skill from that general force we call personality, was never more convincingly shown than in the life, death, and work of Guy de Maupassant, the foremost master of the short story. His stories, long and short, are not only confessions in the sense in which Goethe applied that word to his own work, but they are chapters in the history of a mind which destroyed itself. Years before Maupassant was in a retreat for the insane, mourning, with indescribable pathos, the loss of his ideas and vainly searching for them, the shadow of that tragic eclipse began to spread over his fiction. Almost a decade before acute mania developed, the novelist described, with a kind of shuddering ecstasy of insight and skill, the terror that lurks about the human soul, the ambush set by the invisible world with which the soul is encircled. This haunting sense of hostile presences hidden on every side, ready to spring out of the unseen, relentless and silent with malignant fate, gave "Horla," in the light of later events, a terrible personal significance. In "Lui," which appeared in 1884, this sense of unseen horrors about one's path found striking expression: "I am afraid of the walls, of the furniture, of the familiar objects which seem to me to assume a kind of animal life. Above all, I fear the horrible confusion of my thought, of my reason escaping, entangled and scattered by an invisible and mysterious anguish."

This master of a delicate art, the note of whose style was distinction, was as certainly the victim of the tyranny of his senses as the most vulgar drunkard; and the shattering of his rare and richly endowed mind, the settling over him of a cloud of "invisible and mysterious anguish," was an inevitable physiological result. Few men have started with a larger physical equipment for a long and fruitful life than this man who died at forty-three, pathetically reaching out empty hands for ideas of which nothing survived except the remembrance of a remembrance! When Maupassant published "Boule de Suif" ("Tallow-Ball"), in 1881, he was a young man who had brought from the virile soil of Normandy a vigorous physique, great strength, and the habits of an athlete. He was the nephew and, for a decade, the pupil of Gustave Flaubert, the indefatigable searcher for the one inevitable word, the exact equivalent of the thought or feeling. The author of "Madame Bovary" was tortured quite as much as inspired by this passionate quest for the ultimate phrase. "Possessed of an absolute belief that there exists but one way of expressing one thing, one word to call it by, one adjective to qualify, one verb to animate it, he gave himself to superhuman labor for the discovery, in every phrase, of that word, that verb, that epithet. . . . A thousand preoccupations would beset him at the same moment, always with this desperate certitude fixed in his spirit,—among

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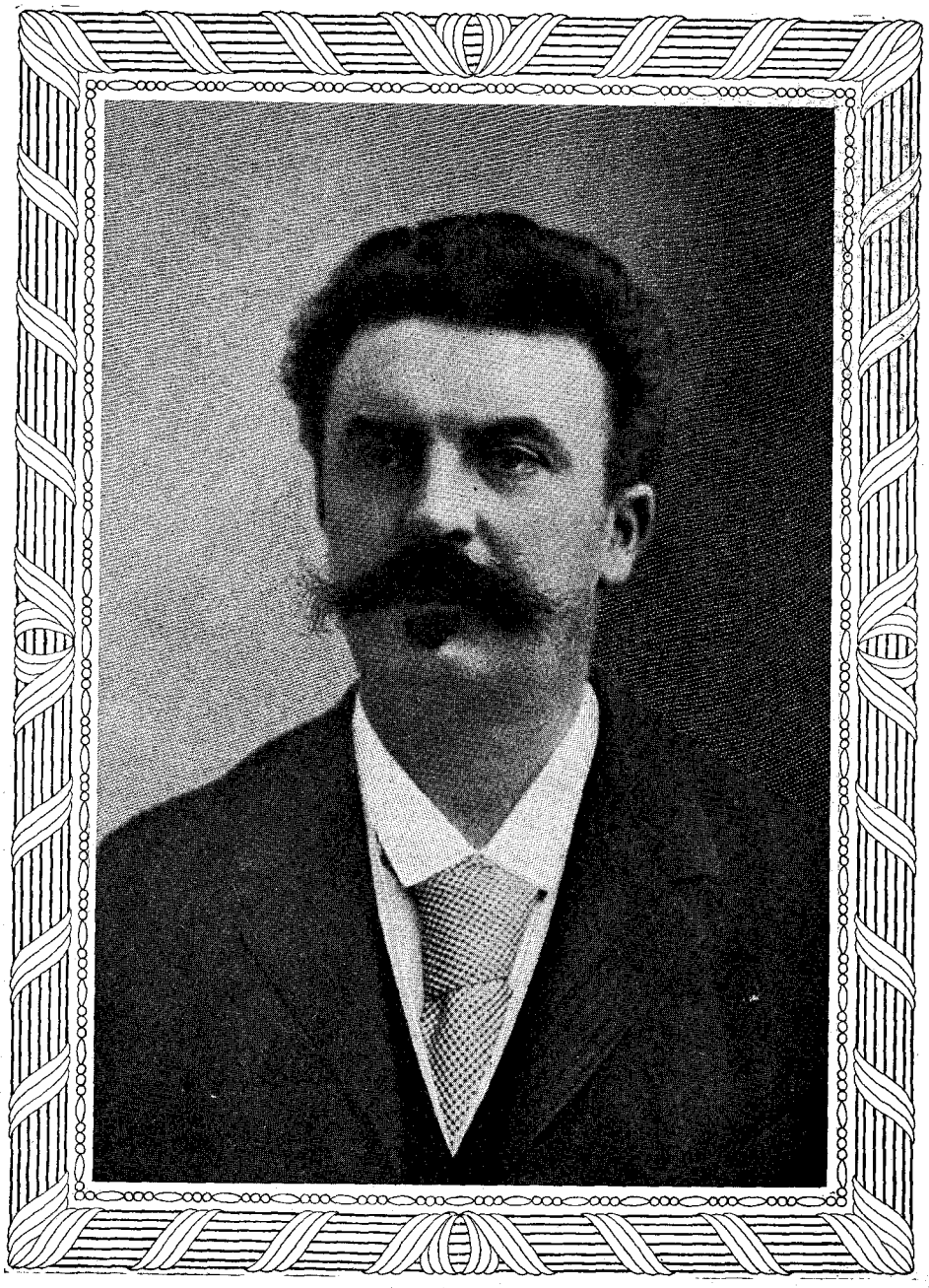

GUY DE MAUPASSANT

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all the expressions in the world, there is but one—one form, one mode—to express what I want to say." Here was a master of rare certitude of purpose and of inflexible will in pursuing it; and Maupassant, who had the form and look of a man who might have become a pugilist, learned from the author of "Salammbo" the art of writing French prose of almost flawless lucidity, simplicity, and modulated strength.

It is a marvelous style as regards precision, terseness, brevity, a certain artistic integrity which evades no difficulty, rejects every superfluous word, states the fact in its relentless and often hideous nudity. Zola, whose phrase was rarely clothed with reticence or delicacy, described Maupassant as "a Latin of good, clear, solid head, a maker of beautiful sentences shining like gold, pure as the diamond . . . having the good sense, logic, balance, power, and clearness of the old French blood." This characterization is as true in what it omits as in what it claims for the author of "The Necklace;" his style is finely ordered by the instinctive and trained logic of the French or Latin mind; but it lacks the flowing quality which comes from feeling, the exquisite and moving touch of unfeigned sympathy, the beauty that rises like a delicate aroma from a spiritual insight into life.

Flaubert was a romanticist with the method of a realist; his pupil, Maupassant, followed the fact as he saw it with inflexible interest and fidelity. He was as uncompromising a realist as Zola, but he was a much greater artist; and both selected their facts as unblushingly as did George Sand. Clear cut, with occasional plastic inspirations and moments of exquisite descriptive genius, Maupassant made himself the foremost master of the art of short-story writing in a group of writers who seemed to know instinctively the limitations and the resources of a literary form which exacts the nicest perceptions and the surest skill. He almost unerringly selected a single situation, related one or two characters vitally to it, suppressed all detail that did not contribute to portraiture, sketched a background with a few telling strokes, knit plot, character, situation, and *dénouement* strongly together to secure unity of effect; and even in such an ironic tragedy as "The Necklace," which The Outlook reprints this week in its series of foreign stories, brings out a kind of bitter pathos. He understands the art of saying much in a few words. In "Une Vendetta," in which a solitary old woman trains a dog to kill her enemy, after the crime has been committed the simple record reads: "*Elle dormit bien, cette nuit-là.*" ("She slept well, that night.") Among Maupassant's novels "Pierre et Jean" is a masterly example of relentless concentration and analysis; the skill with which a merciless inquisitor drives his mother to confess an old-time intrigue is diabolical in its sheer ability. It is in the short story, however, that Maupassant made his greatest achievements; and the long list of his tales, filling many volumes, is also a list of literary triumphs.

He who destroys the ideal destroys himself. In art and in life Maupassant lived in the lower order of facts, the brutal world of events unrelated to a spiritual order. He drained his senses of the last power of sensation and reaction; he plunged headlong into the sensual life upon which they opened when the luminous heaven above the material world was obliterated. Madness always lies that way as a matter of physiology as well as of morals, and Maupassant went the tragic way of the sensualist since time began.

[illegible] on the lower order of facts which made him a naturalist made

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him also a pessimist; for his manner of life inevitably bore its bitter fruit in his art. His career is a striking confirmation of the fundamental law that the artist is conditioned by the man. In his "Bel-Ami" he described the deterioration of a brain; in his work as a whole he disclosed, stage by stage, the deterioration of a soul, the disintegration of a personality. He lost the power of seeing things as they were; life became a hideous dream, full of repulsive and haunting images; and his great talent was extinguished in a madhouse.

SHE was one of those pretty and charming girls who are sometimes, as if by a mistake of destiny, born in a family of clerks. She had no dowry, no expectations, no means of being known, understood, loved, wedded, by any rich and distinguished man, and she let herself be married to a little clerk at the Ministry of Public Instruction.

She dressed plainly because she could not dress well, but she was as unhappy as though she had really fallen from her proper station; since with women there is neither caste nor rank; and beauty, grace, and charm act instead of family and birth. Natural fineness, instinct for what is elegant, suppleness of wit, are the sole hierarchy, and make from women of the people the equals of the very greatest ladies.

She suffered ceaselessly, feeling herself born for all the delicacies and all the luxuries. She suffered from the poverty of her dwelling, from the wretched look of the walls, from the worn-out chairs, from the ugliness of the curtains. All those things of which another woman of her rank would never even have been conscious, tortured her and made her angry. The sight of the little Breton peasant who did her humble housework aroused in her regrets which were despairing and distracted dreams. She thought of the silent antechambers hung with Oriental tapestry, lit by tall bronze candelabra, and of the two great footmen in knee-breeches who sleep in the big arm-chairs, made drowsy by the heavy warmth of the hot-air stove. She thought of the long *salons* fitted up with ancient silk, of the delicate furniture carrying priceless curiosities, and of the coquettish perfumed boudoirs made for talks at five o'clock with intimate friends, with men famous and sought after, whom all women envy, and whose attention they all desire.

When she sat down to dinner before the round table covered with a tablecloth three days old, opposite her husband, who uncovered the soup-tureen and declared with an enchanted air, "Ah, the good *pot-au-feu!* I don't know anything better than that," she thought of dainty dinners, of shining silverware, of tapestry which peopled the walls with ancient personages and with strange birds flying in the midst of a fairy forest; and she thought of delicious dishes served on marvelous plates, and of the whispered gallantries which you listen to with a sphinx-like smile, while you are eating the pink flesh of a trout or the wings of a quail.

She had no dresses, no jewels, nothing. And she loved nothing but that; she felt made for that. She would so have liked to please, to be envied, to be charming, to be sought after.

She had a friend, a former schoolmate at the convent, who was rich and whom she did not like to go and see any more, because she suffered so much when she came back.

But, one evening, her husband returned home with a triumphant air, and holding a large envelope in his hand.

"There," said he, "here is something for you."

She tore the paper sharply, and drew out a printed card which bore these words:

"The Minister of Public Instruction and Mme. Georges Ramponneau request the honor of M. and Mme. Loisel's company at the palace of the Ministry on Monday evening, January 18th."

Instead of being delighted, as her husband hoped, she threw the invitation on the table with disdain, murmuring:

"What do you want me to do with that?"

"But, my dear, I thought you would be glad. You never go out and this is an occasion, and a fine one. I had great trouble to get it. Everybody wants to go; it is very select, and they are not giving many balls. The whole official world will be there."

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such a fine opportunity. I had awful trouble to get it. Every one wants to go; it is very select, and they are not giving many invitations to clerks. The whole official world will be there."

She looked at him with an irritated eye, and she said, impatiently:

"And what do you want me to put on my back?"

He had not thought of that; he stammered:

"Why, the dress you go to the theater in. It looks very well to me."

He stopped, distracted, seeing that his wife was crying. Two great tears descended slowly from the corners of her eyes towards the corners of her mouth. He stuttered:

"What's the matter? What's the matter?"

But by a violent effort she had conquered her grief, and she replied, with a calm voice, while she wiped her wet cheeks:

"Nothing. Only I have no dress, and therefore I can't go to this ball. Give your card to some colleague whose wife is better equipped than I."

He was in despair. He resumed:

"Come, let us see, Mathilde. How much would it cost, a suitable dress which you could use on other occasions, something very simple?"

She reflected several seconds, making her calculations and wondering also what sum she could ask without drawing on herself an immediate refusal and a frightened exclamation from the economical clerk.

Finally she replied, hesitatingly:

"I don't know exactly, but I think I could manage it with four hundred francs"

He had grown a little pale, bec
was laying aside just that ar
a gun and treat himself

ious. Her dress was ready, however. Her husband said to her one evening:

"What is the matter? Come, you've been so queer these last three days."

And she answered:

"It annoys me not to have a single jewel, not a single stone, nothing to put on. I shall look like distress. I should almost rather not go at all."

He resumed:

"You might wear natural flowers. It's very stylish at this time of the year. For ten francs you can get two or three magnificent roses."

She was not convinced.

"No; there's nothing more humiliating than to look poor among other women who are rich."

But her husband cried:

"How stupid you are! Go look up your friend Mme. Forestier, and ask her to lend you some jewels. You're quite thick enough with her to do that."

She uttered a cry of joy.

"It's true. I never thought of it."

The next day she went to her friend and told of her distress.

Mme. Forestier went to a wardrobe with a glass door, took out a large jewel-box, brought it back, opened it, and said to Mme. Loisel:

"Choose, my dear."

She saw first of all some bracelets, then a pearl necklace, then a Venetian cross, gold and precious s
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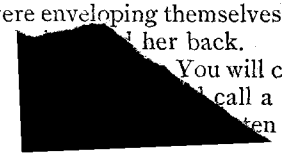
kissed her passionately, then fled with her treasure.

The day of the ball arrived. Mme. Loisel made a great success. She was prettier than them all, elegant, gracious, smiling, and crazy with joy. All the men looked at her, asked her name, endeavored to be introduced. All the attachés of the Cabinet wanted to waltz with her. She was remarked by the Minister himself.

She danced with intoxication, with passion, made drunk by pleasure, forgetting all in the triumph of her beauty, in the glory of her success, in a sort of cloud of happiness composed of all this homage, of all this admiration, of all these awakened desires, and of that sense of complete victory which is so sweet to woman's heart.

She went away about four o'clock in the morning. Her husband had been sleeping since midnight, in a little deserted anteroom, with three other gentlemen whose wives were having a very good time.

He threw over her shoulders the wraps which he had brought, modest wraps of common life, whose poverty contrasted with the elegance of the ball dress. She felt this, and wanted to escape so as not to be remarked by the other women who were enveloping themselves in costly furs.



her back.

"You will catch cold out- call a cab."

ten to him, and

When

She removed the wraps, which covered her shoulders, before the glass, so as once more to see herself in all her glory. But suddenly she uttered a cry. She had no longer the necklace around her neck!

Her husband, already half undressed, demanded:

"What is the matter with you?"

She turned madly towards him.

"I have—I have—I've lost Mme. Forestier's necklace."

He stood up, distracted.

"What!—how?—Impossible!"

And they looked in the folds of her dress, in the folds of her cloak, in her pockets, everywhere. They did not find it.

He asked:

"You're sure you had it on when you left the ball?"

"Yes, I felt it in the vestibule of the palace."

"But if you had lost it in the street we should have heard it fall. It must be in the cab."

"Yes. Probably. Did you take his number?"

"No. And you, didn't you notice it?"

"No."

They looked, thunderstruck, at one another. At last Loisel put on his clothes.

"I shall go back on foot," said he, "over the whole route which we have taken, to see if I can't find it."

And he went out. She sat waiting on a chair in her ball dress, without strength to go to bed, overwhelmed, without fire, without a thought

Her husband came back about seven o'clock. He had found no

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it mended. That will give us time to turn round."

She wrote at his dictation.

At the end of a week they had lost all hope.

And Loisel, who had aged five years, declared:

"We must consider how to replace that ornament."

The next day they took the box which had contained it, and they went to the jeweler whose name was found within. He consulted his books.

"It was not I, Madame, who sold that necklace; I must simply have furnished the case."

Then they went from jeweler to jeweler, searching for a necklace like the other, consulting their memories, sick, both of them, with chagrin and with anguish.

They found, in a shop at the Palais Royal, a string of diamonds which seemed to them exactly like the one they looked for. It was worth forty thousand francs. They could have it for thirty-six.

So they begged the jeweler not to sell it for three days yet. And they made a bargain that he should buy it back for thirty-four thousand francs, in case they found the other one before the end of [illegible] notes, renew others, obtain more ti[illegible]

"You should have returned it sooner. I might have needed it."

She did not open the case, as her friend had so much feared. If she had detected the substitution, what would she have thought, what would she have said? Would she not have taken Mme. Loisel for a thief?

Mme. Loisel now knew the horrible existence of the needy. She took her part, moreover, all on a sudden, with heroism. That dreadful debt must be paid. She would pay it. They dismissed their servant; they changed their lodgings; they rented a garret under the roof.

She came to know what heavy housework meant and the odious cares of the kitchen. She washed the dishes, using her rosy nails on the greasy pots and pans. She washed the dirty linen, the shirts, and the dish cloths, which she dried upon a line; she carried the slops down to the street every morning, and carried up the water, stopping for breath at every landing. And, dressed like a woman of the people, she went to the fruiterer, the grocer, the butcher, her basket on her arm, bargaining, insulted, defending her miserable money sou by sou.

Each month they had to meet some[illegible]

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changeful! How little a thing is needed for us to be lost or to be saved!

But one Sunday, having gone to take a walk in the Champs Élysées to refresh herself from the labors of the week, she suddenly perceived a woman who was leading a child. It was Mme. Forestier, still young, still beautiful, still charming.

Mme. Loisel felt moved. Was she going to speak to her? Yes, certainly. And now that she had paid, she was going to tell her all about it. Why not?

She went up.

"Good-day, Jeanne."

The other, astonished to be familiarly addressed by this plain goodwife, did not recognize her at all, and stammered:

"But—Madame!—I do not know—You must have mistaken."

"No. I am Mathilde Loisel."

Her friend uttered a cry.

"Oh, my poor Mathilde! How you are changed!"

"Yes, I have had days hard enough since I have seen you, days wretched enough—and that because of you!"

"Of me! How so?"

"Do you remember that diamond necklace which you lent me to wear at the ministerial ball?"

"Yes. Well?"

"Well, I lost it."

"What do you mean? You brought it back."

"I brought you back another just like it. And for this we have been ten years paying. You can understand that it was not easy for us, us who had nothing. At last it is ended, and I am very glad."

Mme. Forestier had stopped.

"You say that you bought a necklace of diamonds to replace mine?"

"Yes. You never noticed it, then! They were very like."

And she smiled with a joy which was proud and naïve at once.

Mme. Forestier, strongly moved, took her two hands.

"Oh, my poor Mathilde! Why, my necklace was paste. It was worth at most five hundred francs!"

Letters to The Outlook

NOT KARL MAP

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